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CALABRIA

and the

LIPARIAN ISLANDS

IN THE YEAR 1860.

By

ELPIS MELENA.

"what is writ is writ;
Would it were worthier."

BYRON.

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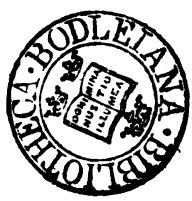

Advertisement.

IT may be proper to tell the English reader that "Elpis Melena" is the *nom de plume* of a lady whose works have attained considerable popularity in Germany, and, by translation, also in France.

Without referring to any of the Reviews of the former country, it may be stated that in a number of the celebrated "Revue des Deux Mondes," published last summer, there is an article entitled, "Elpis Melena et ses Ouvrages," and the praise awarded to her renders it needless to say another word in her favour.

Born in England, of German parentage, and having both in childhood and later years resided much in Germany and Italy, she has acquired many of the continental languages to a perfection not often attained, and is thus peculiarly fitted for travel; and her powers of observation and facility in recording what she observes, complete the requisites for a writer of travels.

Her

Her published works consist of the following, all written in the German language, to the study and writing of which she has devoted her chief attention: "Blätter aus dem Africanischen Reise-Tage-Buch einer Dame," "Memoiren eines Spanisches Piastres," "101 Tag auf meine Pferde, und ein Ausflug nach Caprera," "Garibaldi's Denkwürdigkeiten," "Ein Blick auf Calabria und die Liparischen Inseln."

The first of these was published in English some years ago. The second is a species of novel; the supposed adventures of a dollar in its transit from one possessor to another. It has not been translated. The third was published in London about a year ago, under another title not so well suited to it, and this was the chief cause of a certain degree of disappointment, the new title promising more than the work performed. The fourth would undoubtedly have been very popular here, but as the whole of the first volume was Garibaldi's autobiography, which had already appeared in a translation of Dumas' version of it, it was not thought advisable to publish it, although the second volume contained matter of great interest to all who are admirers of its hero.

The fifth is the present work, and with the foregoing explanation, it is now left to the judgment of the English public, by

THE TRANSLATOR.

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CALABRIA

and the

LIPARIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Emancipated Naples—Guapos and Camorristi—Mercadante—a Military Journey—The two Armies on the Volturno, October 1—Something about Garibaldi—Return from Maddaloni—The revenge of the Enamoured Oysters—Departure for Messina.

VE Parthenope! matchless virgin-city, blushing under the entrancement of thy newly-acquired freedom, scarcely daring to raise thy neck so lately released from the blood-stained yoke of Bourbon tyranny! Hail, thou redeemed, for soon shall the last of thy wounds be healed! Awake with joy

to a holy consciousness, and be ready to assert the sacred rights which a God-sent hero has won for you! Not with clashing arms, or amid the thunder of artillery, did he land on thy shore: to seal thy freedom no blood of thy sons has flowed: for thou hast pined through weary years and many for the hour of deliverance, and like a bashful bride, trembling with shame and delight, but receiving her beloved with silent pleasure, thou stretchest forth thy hand to thy long-expected deliverer, and offerest him the first kiss of love in quiet rapture!

Such was the thought that crossed my mind, as, on a fine Sabbath evening in September, 1860, the *Blidah* glided over the unruffled waters of the beautiful bay, and cautiously threaded her way among the flag-bedizened Anglo-French fleet, and numerous other vessels, into the harbour of Naples.

What

What a novel charm was added to that charming scene! Naples—released from the Austro-Bourbonic yoke, bedecked with the tricolor of Savoy, and entrusted to the protection of the scarlet blouses of the Garibaldian legion—seemed doubly, trebly beautiful under these attributes of freedom!

Was there a heart that had not leapt with joy? Was there an eye that had not moistened at the thought that this miracle had been wrought by the power of one man? a man before whose moral greatness armies had fallen back, and whose sole impulse had brought mightier things to pass, than all the tricks and intrigues of modern politics!

A boat took me and my friend to the shore, where we were soon surrounded by custom-house officials of all ranks. "Abride, abride," said one of them, pointing to my luggage. "Non, Signore mo non

c'e chiu dogana, u re ci ha dado la cosdiduzione," chimed in a second. "No, mo abbiamo u Garibaldi, u Didadore, ma per la forma bisogna abrire," said a third, stopping the facchino on which my trunk had been placed, while a fourth muttered something about "poca paga, povero padre di famiglia;" and thus, after a cursory examination and the payment of the usual tribute, we left the Dogana with the conviction that its officers had not the clearest idea in the world of the present state of their political acquirements.

At a shameful price I procured two neat rooms at the Hotel de Rome. The discontinuance of the "restauration" at this hotel is a great loss to the traveller, because the spacious and handsome loggia which was appropriated to that branch of the business is now closed, except to those whose apartments open into it. It affords by far the finest view over the bay, and I

was

was enjoying the prospect from it, when my friend, Captain D—, awoke me from my ecstacies, that we might avail ourselves of what daylight was left us, to go forth and make inquiry whether there was any possibility of an interview with the Dictator the following day.

The reader will pardon me if I do not linger long over the description of Naples as it appeared upon that 30th of September. She was like an invalide who, after a long and suffering illness, has just passed the decisive crisis: and would a beauty, even when clad in the most coquettish dishabille, like to have her portrait painted as a convalescent?

Naples is, if it please God, saved, and will no doubt attain to perfect health: but she still trembles in every limb, for without crisis, no cure; without transition, no metamorphosis.

The Lago de San Fernando, by far the most

most animated point of modern Naples, presented that evening a particularly remarkable appearance, for, instead of the mixture of colours characterising a Neapolitan crowd, there was a vast predominance of scarlet clothing: red blouses, red jackets, red coats, and the chief variety perceptible was in the form of the hats, the cut of the cape, and the colour of the "fajas." The half-naked Lazzaroni, the tattered coachmen, the athletic Guapos and the awe-inspiring Camorristi, however, afforded the eye a not unwelcome relief to the glare of the colour of freedom.

It was the first time of my hearing of Guapos and Camorristi, and, as this may also be the reader's case, I will relate the little I could learn about them.

The word "Guapo," which in Spanish means courageous, brave, enterprising, has changed its signification since being engrafted on the Neapolitan dialect, and

is

is applied to those who, though they may act with apparent bravery, are at bottom arch cowards.

The Guapo is an evidence of the transition state of government. Everything that is abnormal suits his wild course. The wave of disquiet throws him to the surface of the fermenting mob, where he ever finds some part ready for him to perform. His costume consists of a gray jacket, loose trowsers, and a large, broad-brimmed hat. Uncommon height and a broad-shouldered figure are prime qualifications for a "vero Guapismo," that, with swaggering step, he may o'ertop the multitude, and with powerful flourish he may swing his never-failing, lance-like stick through the air.

The Camorrista, on the other hand, is a person of higher standing, and belongs, as I have heard from good authority, to a sect of rather ancient origin. He is distinguished by no peculiarity of dress, but he

he lays claim to certain rights which give him consequence in the eyes of the common people. In every business and in every amusement where a Camorrista enters, he can claim a share, which is never refused him.

The popularity of the Bourbon kings among the Lazzaroni has often been spoken of, and Ferdinand as well as Francis II. have threatened that, as a last resource, they would call out the Lazzaroni, and deliver the city into their hands to plunder and to pillage. Without some special organization this would not now be possible, and it appears the government had in its employ certain persons who, *per fas per ne fas*, have acquired great influence over the Lazzaroni, but whose services naturally cannot be reckoned upon without continual pay and a watchful eye besides. In the hands of a tyrannical government this was a dangerous weapon,

and

and one which could not be suddenly laid aside. The Roman government, therefore, acted wisely, after the proclamation of the new constitution, in not immediately abolishing the "Camorra," but by continuing their pay, and forming them into a kind of police, they made them of great use during that difficult crisis. The discipline of such a band, however, could never be relied upon, and, under the Dictatorship, they began to indulge in the most ridiculous excesses. It went so far, that a dozen Camorristi, going a few hundred steps beyond the confines of the octroi, compelled the payment of the duty to themselves, even under the very eyes of the powerless officials! Farini's government put a stop to this, and from that time it may be said that the order, for so we may call it, ceased to exist.

The Cafe de l'Europe, where usually none but beaux and elegant ladies assemble,

ble, glowed this evening like a fiery furnace, being filled with red-coated volunteers, whose smoking, drinking, and joking, of course were a bar to our entering it. In the Toledo, the carrozelle seemed to be increased a hundredfold, and the misery of their unhappy horses to have reached, if possible, a higher than the usual pitch. Neither private equipages nor well-dressed ladies were to be seen. Still it must be said to the honour of the Camorristi, that no disorder or excess took place, and one could make one's way through the moving crowd without danger. One felt that it was the unrestrained breathing of an emancipated but harmless, child-like, joyous people, whose innate goodness withheld them from every excess.

Scarcely had we returned to our hotel, when my old friend, von B—, was announced. His visit was doubly agreeable, since, being consul of a great nation, I considered

considered him qualified to give me much information on the subject of Neapolitan affairs. He assured me that it was confidently reported that Capua must yield, or be taken next morning; but that, in his opinion, the first was not probable, and the last not possible, so long as Garibaldi was unprovided with more powerful artillery. He advised me, if I wished to see the Dictator, to go early in the morning to Maddaloni, his head quarters, and there wait my opportunity patiently. I therefore begged Captain D— to call for me the next day as soon as it was light and take me by railway to Maddaloni, which lies on the way to Capua.

In the execution of this plan, we speedily discovered that we were in the midst of war! and the very next day I was reminded of this in no very agreeable manner. We had not yet reached the station, when the bustle and crowding of volunteers

volunteers from all sides increased so greatly that our carrozella was completely hemmed in by them.

How sad it was to think that perhaps the majority of these ardent, fresh, and youthful forms were hastening to death, their healthy and smiling countenances defaced with wounds!—that perhaps even their minutes were numbered, and that in a short time they would fall a sacrifice to their noble-hearted enthusiasm, or that the weapons they now brandished so actively would inflict a similar fate on their unfortunate brethren!

When my companion, who had left me for the purpose of ascertaining more accurately the time of the train's departure, returned only to tell me that the railway was to be exclusively devoted to the transport of troops, nothing remained for us but to hire a carriage to take us to Maddaloni, and this was more easy to determine than

than to execute, for it was not every horse-keeper who would risk his cattle in such times, and those who might be tempted by a high offer would perhaps afterwards leave us half way there.

At last, after much running about, and many entreaties, much scolding and many promises, we succeeded in engaging a suitable vehicle with a pair of horses, and uncertain whether we should ever reach our goal, and when and where we should take our next rest, we commenced the long journey we had before us.

Those who know Naples but in peaceful times, would hardly be able to conceive the spectacle which the Toledo presented that morning. We drove through a perfect wood of tricolor, hanging from every window of every house. Placards and announcements were to be read on every wall, and excited a variety of feelings, for, while on one side might be seen the

the latest dictatorial decree—such as the appointment of Dumas as director of the Bourbon Museum—on the opposite side, Bertini's dismissal, and his consequent departure on the morrow, offered a bright prospect of a turn in the Dictator's policy, from which one might be warranted in hoping that it would perhaps become favourable to Victor Emanuel and his ambassador Pallavicini.

In these days also the people were in the enjoyment of an ephemeral freedom from Customs' duties, so that salt and other highly-taxed articles were selling at ridiculously low prices from wheelbarrows in the streets.

These wheelbarrows reminded me of the ingenuity of the Hamburghese, who, during the French occupation of the city, when Napoleon wished to decrease the consumption of colonial goods by the imposition of a heavy duty, conceived the idea

idea of selling sugar in the streets under the name of sand; a piece of craft which would perhaps have paid them well, had not the equally knowing flies got scent of it, and betrayed the secret by alighting in swarms upon the barrows.

Still more ingenious were those French woodmen, who, in spite of Napoleon's anathema against the use of coffee, were daringly roasting a quantity of the berries in sight of his hut in the forest, and were caught by the Emperor in the act. "Are you not aware," he demanded, "that the use of coffee is forbidden?" "Yes, sire," said one of the men, who recognized him, "and therefore we are burning all we had."

The reader will excuse these two little digressions, in consideration of the unreasonable time during which our carriage was hemmed in with the press of this unusual concourse of people and vehicles. As it

at

at length began to move, my companion mentioned to me that he had promised the Signora Mercadante, who had resided in Genoa since the political disturbances, to pay her husband a visit, and deliver some letters to him personally.

The acquaintance of a man of talent is always worth making, and being free from the trammels of the despotic railway, I gladly accompanied my friend in his visit to the celebrated scholar of Zingarelli.

Mercadante has distinguished himself above all Italian composers by combining with Southern melody the depth and learning of the North, an advantage shown clearly through all his works, and which is likely to preserve them from that transitoriness to which so many modern compositions are subject.

A fine Erard, a harp, a violin, and other instruments, which lay about the spacious saloon shaded by Venetian blinds, showed that

that we had entered the dwelling of a devotee of the muse, and its renowned owner soon made his appearance and welcomed us with much kindness. The occupation of the artist is known to be no *elixir vitæ*, and we found the Chevalier Mercadante, though not more than sixty, a feeble and bent old man! His son, with whom I made acquaintance at the same time, seemed to think more of business than of his father's fame. This, however, is of such frequent occurrence that our wonder is more apt to be excited when it is not the case, than when it is.

After a short visit, we hurried back to our carrozzella, and soon had passed thro' the Strada Fosco and the suburb San Giovanni, and reached the steep and rock-hewn road that leads to Capo di Chino. Here, usually, the bustle of Naples begins to die away, but now it swarmed with passengers on foot, on horseback, and in

carriages, all hurrying along full of care and earnestness, and it was not till we had passed Capo di Chino that there was a slight lull. It was a short cessation, however, for the nearer we approached Casoria the greater became the throng, the more numerous the troops and their waggons, and the more frequently the coachman pulled up to exchange a passing greeting with one or other of the drivers.

It was by this means I heard from one who appeared to be a volunteer officer, that there was very little chance of our seeing Garibaldi, the battle having commenced at break of day along the whole line before Capua, and assumed a more earnest character than ever, and that the general himself was "al piu vivo del fuoco."

This news, which at another time would have annoyed me, now produced an opposite effect, as it seemed to evince that a special

special providence was watching over him, and that for the God-sent hero no bullet is cast, a truth never more plainly manifested than on that 1st of October, when the Royalists left no stratagem untried to accomplish his death.

We therefore continued our journey with fainting hearts, trembling lest we should be hurrying to the scene of some terrible catastrophe, though borne up by the hope of hearing of a victory, or at least of being of assistance to some poor wounded wretch; in short by all the intense interests which such a time can alone inspire.

In Caivano the National Guard endeavoured to regain order and march against the people, but every moment added to the confusion. A train of all imaginable sorts of carts, in which were the sound and the wounded and the dying, met us. Those faces which were not distorted by physical

suffering, bore the unmistakable traces of anxiety of mind, which the scenes they had gone through inspired. Along the raised pathway which bordered the road, stood a row of gaping and wondering boors, workpeople, and farmers, whose interest in the sight before them seemed to be bounded by the instinct of fear or curiosity, which drew them into a compact mass, only to be dispersed when an ammunition waggon, or train of mules, or a frightened horse, drove in amongst them. Flocks of fluttered birds passed over our heads; the thunder of cannon grew louder and louder; the crack of musketry became every moment more audible; clouds of powder-smoke filled the air and darkened the autumn sky; nearer and nearer rolled the thick billow of war, against whose breakers we could now scarcely make head. But a small distance divided us from Maddaloni, and yet our coachman hesitated

tated to proceed, while from every mouth issued an anxious exclamation "sono tutti in revolto."

Although in the sequel it turned out that these cries were only the effect of a moment of panic, still it is not to be denied that in that moment the fate of Naples and of the patriot army really hung upon a single hair, and very little was wanting to the return of the troops of Francis II., even though animated more by the prospect of plunder than by enthusiasm, to the metropolis.

Garibaldi's force had been so little increased in proportion to that of his enemy that any other general would have thought it impossible to do anything; but this did not daunt him! The Royalists, on their side, had also erected some very strong defences on the right bank of the Volturno, and they occupied at the same time Capua, which lies on the other shore, and thus

thus were complete masters of the river. The right bank was protected by masked batteries, and numerous trenches and barricades. The whole of the ground in the neighbourhood was one entire ambuscade, and, concealed in trenches, lay 2,000 regular troops, animated by the prospect of promised plunder.

The basis of Garibaldi's operations was at Maddaloni. His left wing stretched from Santa Maria to Aversa, protected by the canal, which was watched by General Corte and the volunteers of the Basilicata. The strongly-fortified Santa Maria was occupied by General Milbitz, the Sicilian brigade La Masa, the five regiments Malenchini and Zucchieri, and the Genoese Carabinieri Balbi. The head quarters were at Caserta. The right wing was drawn up under the shadow of the hills from Dentice to San Salvatore. Monte San Angelo, which commands the Volturno, and might

might be called the key of the defences, was made equally serviceable for attack and for defence, by means of three batteries on different heights, manned by the Genoese artillery, the corps of General Ferrara, and that of Spangaro.

It was to this point that Garibaldi had directed his particular attention, and he had visited it constantly during the preceding day, to direct the placing of the guns, and see that they were in the best condition. The Royalists now saw themselves in a doubtful position, knowing that in their rear Cialdini was approaching, that Lamoriciere's army was annihilated, and that, while Naples remained defenceless, a decisive battle was imminent.

Fifteen thousand men, five thousand of them being cavalry, under the command of General Palmieri, had marched out of the gates of Capua that morning at six o'clock, accompanied by five batteries of artillery.

artillery. General Ritucci had the command of this great force, with Generals Afan di Rivera, Barbalonga, and Von Meckel, under him. One body of 5,000 men marched direct to Maddaloni, in order to fall upon the Garibaldians in the rear, and cut off their retreat. The troops of Francis II. were subdivided into two corps. The first was to avail itself of the railway to attack Garibaldi's position by the "Archi de Santa Maria" in front, in order to occupy his attention; and the second, retreating in a parallel line on the "Via Consolare," was to endeavour to skirt the right wing of his troops secretly, and then, assisted by the reactionary peasants from San Prisco and the neighbouring villages, to surprise him in the rear, near Santa Maria. Another 1,000 men, approaching from La Piana, had orders to cross the Volturno below Cajazzo, and march upon San Brucio.

But

But all these manœuvres had already been foreseen by Garibaldi, and it is remarkable that the Royalists were not better informed of his movements, for he had caused ditches to be dug, and raised barricades and places of observation, across the very fields which they were hoping to pass over unmolested.

Soon after six, a lively fire of musketry commenced, which was soon followed by the roar of artillery. In great hurry every one rushed to the defence. The Royalists, driving the Garibaldians before them, passed the railway, and at eight o'clock stood in the streets of Santa Maria.

While General Ritucci was conducting this movement, Garibaldi, in the centre of the battle, was executing a precisely similar one. He caused the regiment of Malenchini, on his left, to march from San Tammaro, with orders to skirt round Santa Maria, and form in the fields which the

the Royalists were intending to cross, by which means they would find themselves hemmed in between two Garibaldian columns, and between the high road and the railway, and thus surrounded on all sides. By this stratagem, the Seventh Battalion of the Royal Cacciatori was reduced to 35 men, and General Perelli, and an Adjutant-Major, were captured.

This brilliant manœuvre and the details which follow, were communicated to me by an eye witness. Ingenious as it was, however, it by no means secured the success of the day. Capua was full of troops, and could replace those which were lost ten times over. The hope of being able to reach Naples that evening and plunder the city, incited the Bourbon soldiers to extraordinary exertions, and a report had been spread that the Austrian army was in the neighbourhood, and that the days of the Revolution were numbered! In short,

short, they now fought like men who were secure of victory.

Thrice was Garibaldi dislodged from his position, and thrice did he regain it at the point of the bayonet. The shot mowed down the troops awfully; not unfrequently did the combatants put the wounded out of their misery, and often was a combat, begun with the musket, ended with the pistol or the dagger!

From six in the morning, till one in the afternoon, the fight continued without intermission, and under an almost tropical heat. On Garibaldi's side ammunition frequently ran short, and the stock of wine and bread was fast decreasing. Still, no one thought of uttering a complaint, but every man did his duty with heroic enthusiasm. Imminent was the danger, and the fortune of the field fluctuated for hours in the most doubtful manner. It was only about mid-day, when a reinforcement

forcement of artillery and a fresh battalion of the Garibaldians, and some Piedmontese Bersaglieri, arrived, that it seemed to preponderate to one side. Nino Bixio succeeded, after several temporary reverses, finally to drive from their position that part of the enemy's troops which was stationed behind the hill of Maddaloni. The column of Assanti hastened the projected passage of the Volturno at San Leucio, and General Corte, with the Lucanians and Calabrese, resisted bravely their assailants at Santa Maria, who would otherwise have soon made their way through San Tammaro, which position was but ill protected. Garibaldi was everywhere, and it seemed as if he had the power of dividing himself, so often was he seen in every part of the battle. He held a reserve of 2,000 men on his left, in readiness to lay hold of any opportunity that chance might give him to enter Capua,

Capua, but none such occurred. If this memorable 1st of October did not end in so brilliant a *coup de main* as that would have been, its result was still of very great importance, and the Battle of the Volturno must be reckoned amongst Garibaldi's eminent successes, when we bear in mind that with so very inferior a force he maintained his position, and protected Naples from the intrusion of the Royalists!

As we approached Maddaloni, the fortune of war was just beginning to smile upon the King's powers, and Garibaldi's situation was at its most critical point. Just on that very afternoon, the general doubt and panic were at their height, and even the dead and the wounded were forgotten. Not only the hospitals of Santa Maria and Maddaloni, but many private houses, were full to overflowing with sufferers. The railway was no longer sufficient

cient for their transport, for every moment added to their number, and, bathed in the blood of their unstaunched wounds, their clothing torn, their limbs exposed, groaning and expiring, they lay everywhere around us—were I to attempt to describe all the scenes I saw that day, I should recoil from the recollection, and relinquish my pen with horror!

To persist at this moment in our onward journey, would only have been to run the risk of falling into the hands of the Royalists, and mad as they were with success, that risk would not have been a small one; we, therefore, had no alternative but to retrace our steps, which would moreover give us an opportunity of turning our caleche into a kind of ambulance, and of conveying at least a few of the poor creatures before us to Naples. We soon effected the necessary alterations in the carriage. We took two soldiers in the inside

inside with us, and how many found places outside I scarcely know; but doubtless our horses were fully conscious of the additional weight!

We had hardly begun our retreat, when it occurred to me to make use of some choice fruit—so choice that every apple, and pear, and fig, was individually encased in silver paper, and the whole carefully packed in a large hamper and addressed to Garibaldi—by dividing it among our suffering companions. On the hamper I found some verses, written in the Nizza dialect, intended to acquaint him with the grief of his fellow-townsmen at their annexation to France. As I could not now convey this present to the "envencible Sourdat" for whom it was intended, it delighted me that I could thus apply it to moistening the parched lips of his wounded comrades!

Many, perhaps, will smile at this naive idea

idea of sending fruit to Naples, but as this "ligna ferre in silvam" had some meaning, and as that meaning related to the great leader, I will not apologize for explaining it.

When, in September, 1859, I visited Garibaldi at Ravenna, I took him some trifles which I thought would please him, and amongst them a green, red, and white velvet cap. "See," said he to his daughter, placing the cap on his head with evident delight, "what a beautiful piece of work the signora has wrought for me with her own hands. I wish she had thought of bringing me a basket of fruit from my native town, and especially some Bernissons!"*

His longing for the fruit of his revered birthplace I did not forget, and when, the following September, I told it to one of

* A kind of fig, growing to great perfection round Nice.

his

his friends there, and said how happy I should be to gratify it, he at once procured me the best that money could obtain and packed it as I have described; and, charged with this valuable basket, I left Nice, and hoped to deliver it safely to the General. Although I now could not do this, I preserved for him the verses, and some weeks later I had an opportunity of delivering them to him. He read them over and over again with almost childlike pleasure; but soon they awoke in his sensitive heart a grief for the grief of his townsmen. His brow darkened, and he said to me with an air of bitterness, "I could not—were the penalty to be hacked to pieces—I *never* could forgive Cavour for having sold my native land!"

I have no doubt he would have said more on the subject, but our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of several

 petitioners,

petitioners; and, returning afterwards to his love of fruit, he related to me that during the expedition in Sicily, he had taken advantage of a few leisure days to run over to Caprera, with no other object than to regale himself with some of his own water-melons!

* * * * *

The last "bernisson" had been consumed by my companions, and we had now gone over no small portion of ground. The two men whom we had taken inside, were both from Lombardy. They had been in the hottest of the fight, and the Royalists had taken away the mules from their ammunition waggon. What they told us was not at all encouraging. One of them, a handsome youth of scarcely more than fifteen, of gentlemanly appearance and good manners, particularly engaged my sympathy. His voice was very melodious, a common thing among the Lombardians,

Lombardians, and his conversation was that of an intelligent and well educated person. He was suffering not only from his wound, but also from fever. It pained me so much to commit such a lad to a common hospital, that I proposed taking him to an hotel; but of this he would not hear! Full of the love of glory, he had, notwithstanding his tender age, distinguished himself greatly in the affair at Melazzo, and all he now desired was to be placed under the care of his regimental surgeon, and get back to his duty as soon as possible.

The nearer we approached to Naples, the number of empty waggons we met became greater, all of them hastening to Maddaloni to fetch the wounded. When we reached Capo di Chino, we found the high road beset with four ranks of all kinds of vehicles. In each of them sat a red-bloused Garibaldian, who either acted

as coachman himself, or goaded on the real driver to extra speed. "What must the poor, over-driven horses think of the 'Unita Italiana?'" I sighed out with pity. Here, one saw a poor, half-exhausted beast labouring up the hill, as if devoting his last breath to the work. Here, another, quite done up, and falling exhausted to the ground. A little further, I observed two living skeletons of animals, looking as if they had long been half starved, and, in spite of the whip, going rather backwards than forwards, till at length both horses and cart rolled into a ditch; while near them were two miserable mules, standing obstinately still, and only answering the whip with kicks! I could only hope that when the Italian unity was accomplished, something like humane feelings might arise for the dumb creation—that the voice of the animals' friend might at length reach this country,

and

and redeem it from the stain of cruelty which now disgraces it.

In Naples itself, scarcely a carrozzella was to be seen, but the concourse of pedestrians was by so much the more increased. Curiosity, fear, or excitement, were displayed in every face. As soon as we had disposed of our wounded, we betook ourselves to the Hotel de Rome, where our first demand was for refreshments. Being met, as is too frequently the case in these large hotels, with the answer that it could not be ready for an hour or more, we resolved, "a la guerre comme a la guerre," upon seeking the nearest restaurant, which proved to be the "Corona di Ferro," in the Toledo.

At the door of the narrow entrance, certainly built in ante-crinoline times, stood an "Ostricajo," who clamorously offered us his ware. Not to lose time, we ordered him to open a dozen or two of

of his oysters, and after that we finished our flying meal with a beef-steak at the restaurant, and a draught of iced beer, which served to refresh me more than all the rest. We then walked to another part of the city, to visit a friend, but scarcely had I had time to indulge his curiosity about Garibaldi and the siege of Capua, when I was seized with pains so intense, that I was obliged immediately to take my leave and return to the hotel. It was now evening, and Captain D— advised me to go to bed at once in order to be prepared for the fatigues of the following day, whatever they might be. Hoping myself that this plan might be effectual, I took his advice and went to my room; but here my illness increased, and I thought medical aid imperative. I rang my bell; but in vain! I went into the corridor, and my pallid countenance had such an effect on an approaching waiter, that

that he promised to fetch a physician immediately. Vain idea! on such an evening as that, when the town was the scene of one universal hurly-burly, and of confusion only to be equalled in Pandemonium, to look for a doctor, or expect him to come, if you found one!

An unexampled bustle seemed to pervade the entire city. At every window lights appeared, and herds of excited people raved and shouted along the streets, with flags, and torches, and music, and drums! Was it news of the capture of Capua? or what could it be?

"For Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed, as my friend von B— entered my room, an unexpected visitor, "what has happened?" "Nothing whatever," he replied. "We have something like this every evening, but in consequence of the bloody battle on the Volturno it is rather worse than usual to-night."

While

While we were thus conversing, entered the waiter with his report of the impossibility of finding a doctor, as all were actively engaged at the hospitals. My friend, however, hurried out, and not long afterwards came back with some medicine, and a promise from Dr. R— that he would contrive to see me the first thing in the morning.

I got through that night alive, but for the most part in intense pain; but whether it was the medicine or my good constitution, the pain subsided towards the dawn, and out of a kind of stupor I was awoke by the entrance of Dr. R—.

"You have got through a sharp attack," said he, after hearing my story, "and, of course, you owe it all to the oysters! At this season of the year no one should eat oysters, for 'ora vanno in amore'!"—they are now in love.

The thought of dying of an enamoured oyster

oyster who had found an untimely grave in me, when all his thoughts were bent on love and happiness, made me shout with laughter! It was not, however, that I now heard this piece of Italian naivete for the first time, for my own Padrona di Casa, in Rome, had often said to me of her turtle, or her potatoes, or beans, or chesnuts, "ora vanno in amore!"

It is to warn my readers against running the risk of the revenge of an amorous oyster, that I have told this tale of my illness, and my doctor's dictum; and now I will only add, that whoever eats oysters at Naples, should drink some strong Marsala with them, and not water or beer or light wine, as neither of these will agree with them.

Captain D— now came in, to tell me that if I did not avail myself of the "Pompei," which would sail to-morrow for Messina, we might have some

some time to wait for the next steamer.

Garibaldi, the only person I wished to see, was, under present circumstances, not approachable. A delay at Naples was not desirable, and as Dr. R— told me that a sea voyage would do me good rather than harm, if I had the courage to undertake it, I desired the Captain to secure our berths accordingly. It required, however, all my power of will and energy to get ready and to be on board the vessel next morning. But there I was, and in good time, for three hours afterwards elapsed before everyone was on board. At last we set sail, and a strong Sirocco sent me below at once. The old ship (formerly the "Maria Christina") with a new name, had no new engine, and she pitched and rolled as badly as ever, and gave her living freight a miserable night!

Oppressed by a moral and physical *vis inertiæ*

inertiæ, I lay me down on one of the saloon couches. The last thing my winking eyes saw, was my friend, upon whom nothing ever had any effect, and the master of the packet, sitting down to their evening repast. The last thing my closing ears heard, was the rattling of their plates, mingled with the groans of the sea-sick, and the heartrending "Santissima Madonna, mi muojo, mi muojo!" of a newly married Italian girl, whose husband, just as I was dropping off to sleep, came to my sofa, with face as pale as death, and an anxious inquiry of "Dica, signora, dica c'e pericolo? Andiamo a fondo?" and brought me back to sad realities again.

CHAPTER II.

A pleasant awakening on the Calabrian coast—Giosofatto Talarico—Paola—San Francisco di Paola—Change in our plans—Tumultuous landing at Pizzo—The fallen citadel—Last days of Murat—Francisco Bilotta.

HOW much more agreeable was the appearance of everything, when I went on deck next morning early! It is true the Sirocco was still blowing, and the sea not the calmest possible, but the clouds were broken, and the foam-crested waves were glittering in the sun. No warlike din troubled the ear, no sanguinary picture pained the eye; a mild atmosphere surrounded me, and, breathing

breathing freely, I regaled myself with the scene that opened to my view.

It was not for the first time that I greeted the coast of Calabria, but it was the first time I had been so near to it, for the packet, having to put into several ports, coasted within a mile of the shore, which gave me an admirable opportunity of inspecting it. Calabria is not so rich, either in historical recollections or in the wild beauties of Nature, as Corsica, but its aspect is more engaging.

Calabria can boast of having belonged, in ancient times, to Græcia Magna, and of being the birthplace of Charondas, Zaleucus, Praxiteles, and Agathocles, and that Pythagoras there diffused his doctrines; but hostile countries have not, as in the case of Corsica, contended for centuries for its possession, and saturated the land with their blood, as if to prepare it to produce the future Napoleon! No pointed granite

granite mountains raise their heads sharply against the blue sky. No impenetrable woods over-shadow rugged cliffs; no shy goats range over precipitous hills. It is true that Virgil has sung of the lofty Tabernus and the endless Silaga Woods, and Pliny, Dioscorides, and Strabo, have mentioned its resinous forests; but they were thinned in times of old by the axe of the Athenians and Sicilians, and the Neapolitans afterwards cleared the remains for their ship building!

The graceful form of the hills, the fresh green of the plains, the balmy warmth of the air, all combined to furnish a classic banquet to the eye: and yet this was the old robbers' nest, the widely abused Calabria, which lay before me, whose very mention conjures up the well-known bandit, the cone-shaped hat, the embroidered jacket, the pistols, the dagger, and the long flint-lock, with which he plays

plays his half-knightly, half-rascally part in opera and ballet. And indeed it would appear that this character has not even yet passed away, for, as I was surveying, with intense interest, every bush in the plain, and every cleft in the cliffs, I heard the name "Talarico" so often repeated behind me, in what seemed a description of all sorts of adventures and bold deeds, that I could not refrain from applying to the relator, a Garibaldian, who seemed to be quite learned on the subject, to ascertain who this wonderful Talarico might be.

"Giosofatto Talarico," said the young officer, in replying, with amiable readiness, to my question, "is the most interesting phenomenon of our time. Born in the neighbourhood of Cosenza, and of a family of some distinction, he would certainly never have been a brigand had not an occurrence in his early youth so deeply

deeply mortified him, as to disgust him with the world.

"The noble-minded protection which he bestowed on the poor and oppressed, the bold demands which he made upon the rich and arrogant, gained him at once the highest regard of the former, and the character of a formidable enemy with the latter. He once claimed from Baracca, the richest land-holder in Calabria, the possessor of at least three millions of ducats, that, within a given time, he should place at his disposal one thousand ducats, threatening that if it were not done, his lands should suffer damage to thrice the amount. Baracca, well knowing that Talarico's threats were never made in jest, did not hesitate a moment in paying him the money. It was not for himself that the robber chief had made the demand, but to divide it among a number of needy persons. An even bolder

bolder stroke than this was the one which follows. As Talarico was passing one day through a village on the hills, he was stopped by a young country girl. 'Ah, Talarico,' said she, with a blushing face, 'I love Giovanni, and he loves me and would gladly take me without a penny of dowry, could we but raise the money to pay the priest, who refuses to marry us without the fee. Can you not help us?'

"'If you will be with your lover behind the chapel, two hours after the Ave Maria this evening, it shall be done, my pretty maid!' was the laconic reply of Talarico, as he walked away. Quivering with hope and fear, the two lovers were punctual at the rendezvous. Nor had they long to wait before they were joined by the brigand, who immediately began knocking vigorously at the chaplain's door. 'Chi e?' asked a manly voice from an upper window. 'Talarico.' 'Talarico!' stam-

 mered

mered out the priest, in an agony of apprehension. 'Yes: and he advises you immediately to produce one hundred ducats!' The priest, who was notoriously well off in this world's goods, convinced that any demur on his part would probably but add to the demand on his purse, fearfully complied. 'And now that we have the fee ready,' said Talarico, 'come with me into the chapel, and marry me these two young people, instanter; and learn from what has just occurred this lesson—that the priest shall not go unpunished, who refuses to marry a poor couple who cannot pay him the fee!'

"But the frequent repetition of such like deeds, did not fail to draw on the perpetrator of them the attention of the authorities (though that is not a necessary consequence in this country), and the King, weary of fruitless attempts at his capture, at last set a high price on his head,

head, and left no means untried to take him, dead or alive. When, however, he found that even this was ineffectual, 'venni a patti con lui,' that is to say, he offered him a kind of compromise, in virtue of which the robber was free to select an island, where he might reside unmolested, if he would give his word to keep quiet for the future.

"Talarico agreed to this, and made choice of the island of Lipari, where he established himself in 1855, married a native of the place, and has since resided on his estate, a respectable father of a family!

"When Garibaldi, in the past May, was fitting out his expedition to Sicily, the King is said to have sent for Talarico, and endeavoured to persuade him to raise a regiment and march against Garibaldi, promising him, moreover, 36,000 ducats for his head! and some of the journals

announced that the quondam robber had begun to raise his men. This, however, was quite untrue, for he was too high-minded a man to sell himself in such a manner."

To this narration my informant added, that Talarico was a handsome man, with a profusion of light hair, but was of small stature; and that the personal power which he so often exhibited, and the terror he so well knew how to inspire, must rather be attributed to the electrical effect of his eagle eye, than to his physical strength, or the weapons he wore, which were usually few.

The stopping of the boat brought the narrative of the young soldier to an end, for Paola, the supposed Patycus of the Greeks, stood before us. As we approached the harbour, the town appeared prettily situated in a bushy dell, with pleasant mountains and hills behind it.

To

To the right, on a rising ground, stand the picturesque ruins of an old feudal castle. On the left, the statue of the Holy Francesco rises from out its green surroundings, while the elegant arches of a viaduct support, behind, the road to Cosenza, and around the harbour, groups of fishermen's cottages reflect their forms in the sea—a picture ready for the artist's hand. So that, even without its celebrity as the birthplace of Francesco da Paola, the beauty of the place would alone give it fame.

The time required for the exchange of goods and passengers not being sufficient to allow of our going on shore, I was obliged to content myself with the view from the sea, with which indeed I was so entranced that I had well-nigh missed what else was passing near me.

There had come on board a number of poor looking creatures, who were offering for

for sale small pieces of black woollen cord, each having a tassel at one end, reliques, they called them, of the cord of the Holy Francesco da Paola. Although the deception was very apparent, yet all who were sick or wounded among our passengers, rushed to provide themselves with these precious preservatives. Ragged and feverish looking individuals, who looked as if it was long since they had eaten a crust of bread, anxiously searched their pockets for a five grani piece, in order to purchase these healing treasures, and everyone who was so fortunate as to secure one, pressed it to his lips or his breast.

"Naples is free," said I, to myself; "but how many phases must the people pass through, before the chains of their priesthood are broken, and they are awoke from the darkness of this more than heathen superstition? Then only, will Italy be

be really free—then only, will her deliverer and his great deeds be properly understood!"

Francesco da Paola, the founder of the order of Minimists, who, in his deep devotion and humbleness of heart, could never have foreseen that, three hundred years afterwards, he would give cause for such an abuse of his fame, was born in 1416, and was destined by his parents, from his birth, to the Church. In his 12th year he was placed in the newly formed Monastery of Franciscan Friars of St. Mark, where he underwent the strictest discipline. His parents subsequently wished to take him home again, but he determined on making a pilgrimage to Assisi, and thence to Rome, to the grave of the Apostle. When he was 14 years old, he retired from the world, renounced his birthright, and lived as a hermit in a cave. He had nearly reached his 20th year,

year, when his holy life brought him many disciples, who made themselves cells near his grotto. He therefore obtained permission from the Archbishop of Cosenza to erect a Monastery and a Church. The new order was confirmed by Sixtus IV., in 1474, under the appellation of "Eremites of the Holy Francesco," but in 1492, Alexander VI. changed their designation to that of "Minimists," that is to say, "least" or "lowest" brothers of the Holy Francesco da Paola. The order afterwards spread, towards the end of the 15th century, into other lands; and, later still, particularly in France, there were nuns of the same order. Derived from the strictest order of Franciscans, the Minimists surpassed them in fasting and abstinence, for they never ate anything but bread and fruit, and water was their only drink. Their founder himself observed still stronger rules.

The

The fame of some miraculous cures which Francesco was said to have wrought, induced the sick king of France, Louis XI., to summon him to his side; but it was only on the recommendation of Sixtus IV. that he was induced to go to France, where he was received with royal honours. He could not prolong the poor king's life, but he alleviated the sufferings of his death.

Charles VIII. availed himself of Francesco's advice in some of the most important events of his life, and built him a monastery in the park of Plessis les Tours, and another at Amboise. Louis XII. also wished him to reside in France.

He died at Plessis les Tours on the 2nd April, 1507, and was canonized in 1519. The original monastery of the Minimists, at Paola, which under foreign rule had been suppressed, was again given to the order in 1815.

But, now, to continue our voyage. The

"Pompei"

"Pompei" left the quay; and, all too quickly, the romantically situated town faded from our view. Among the passengers we took in there, was a Dominican monk from Pizzo, who was very learned about the country we were passing, and appeared also to be a man of enlightened mind. His information, and a capital map which he had, were of great advantage to me, and added much to the pleasure of the voyage along this beautiful coast, the most beautiful part of which we were now approaching.

Among the remarkable places which adorn it are San Lucido, the San Luchio of the middle ages, of which some antiquarian investigators affirm, in consequence of supposed mines in its neighbourhood, that it occupies the place of the ancient Temesa; Fiumofreddo, overshadowed by Mount Cocuzzo (5,620 feet above the sea level), visible from every part

part of the coast; the orange-crowned hills of Belmonte; Amanteo, and its shot-marked fort, its Francescan monastery, and its once stately buildings, many of which belonged to the Knights of Malta, and now mingle their gray ruins with the gray rocks behind them. Amantea also deserves mention, if only for the siege it underwent by the French, in 1806. The town and fort are both built high on the rocks: three sides are protected by still higher rocks, and the fourth by a wall which stretches along what would otherwise be a weak point.

General Mirabelli, a native of Amantea, defended his birthplace, on one occasion, with only three guns and a mere handful of men! General Verdier was the first who invested it, in December, 1806: 3,200 of the finest troops, and all the means which the art of war at that time possessed, were at his command; but, after a long

long and fruitless trial, and every effort to reduce the fort, he gave up the attempt and retired to Cosenza. The following spring, the French made a second attack, when famine came to their aid, and after a siege of forty days, the garrison capitulated, but under very honourable conditions.

A disposition to war seems yet to characterize the people of Amantea, for a corps of volunteers, above 1,000 strong, was there awaiting the arrival of a Sicilian steamer to embark for Naples, and enroll themselves under the banner of Garibaldi.

As we continued our voyage along the coast, it was now covered with vines, and now with olives, figs, and oranges; but of towns we saw not one after Amantea. The river Cavuto, whose deep channel divides Calabria citra from Calabria ultra, engaged my attention, its banks being rife with mythical allusions. On its green margin lay

lay the Temesa of Ovid, rich in gold and copper, which, according to the old poet, was visited by the shade of Polites, the companion of Ulysses, and whose inhabitants were obliged to atone for his traitorous murder by the yearly sacrifice of a virgin, until Euthymus exorcised the restless ghost, and freed them from their obligation.

A voyage along this coast must also call to our remembrance Richard of England, the lion-hearted king, who visited it in the third Crusade to Palestine. When the knightly king heard that his fleet had reached Messina, he left Palermo, where he had been staying some time, and passing near to Conza and Melfi, he took his way overland to Scalea, whence he followed the coast as far as Santa Eufemia.

When we had passed Cape Suvero, we sailed across the dangerous gulf of Santa Eufemia, keeping at a distance from the land

land which forms it. The weather was now quite fine and the midday sun shone with summer-like brightness out of a clear and cloudless sky, so that I was soon able to discern the white buildings of Pizzo at the southern end of the bay.

"Will not the 'Pompei' remain longer at Pizzo than she did at Paola?" asked I of my friend, who had had a long talk with the captain.

"Quite the reverse," said he; "for the Sirocco has so retarded her that the lost time must now be made up. I would therefore advise that we give up our berths at Pizzo, and land there, and after we have seen at our leisure all that this renowned place has to show, let us sail from some port of Calabria over to the Liparian Isles. The captain assures me we shall find a convenient land communication with Tropea, where there are frequent vessels going to Stromboli. By this plan, also, we shall get

get a glance at Calabria, and save ourselves the double voyage to Messina and Milazzo."

Nothing could be more welcome to me than a prospect of exchanging the prosaic steam voyage and the track of tourists, for a more poetic mode of travelling, and a more untrodden path; and without thinking what privations the undertaking might subject me to, and what disagreeables and even dangers I might be incurring, I closed at once with the proposition and set about the necessary preparations for our sudden landing.

Pizzo, the scene of Murat's tragical end, had long been of particular interest to me, and as the outlines of the town gradually took form more and more distinctly the nearer we approached the harbour, that interest increased. But I was not long permitted to view this new scene at my ease. As if by a stroke of magic, the deck

was

was, in an instant, covered with a troop of Calabrian Lazzaroni, whose tan-coloured bodies were only clothed in a shirt or a pair of drawers, and who, with wild gestures and frightful cries, seemed to be battling with each other, so that one could not imagine what the scene could mean.

The suddenness of the invasion reminded me of Melville's account of his arrival at the Marquesas islands, except that *our* invaders were certainly not beautiful nymphs who had swum from the shore to welcome the new comers with songs of love!

As soon as they heard that the "Forestiere" intended to land, their clamours increased, and were chiefly concentrated on me and my companion. He protected me, as well as he could, with his stick, but it seemed impossible we should ever be able to descend into the boats alongside the vessel, for the struggle became more and more intense, and the battle more furious,

furious, and presently both stick and hat flew from my friend's hand and head, his untied cravat hung loosely from his neck, and his coat was reduced to a jacket! As a last resource, he seized hold of a rope, and, trusting his weighty person to its strength, he swung himself over, and dropped safely into one of the boats below. There was nothing left for me but to follow his example. The boat soon reached the shore, but the fight was not yet over, and a scene both critical and laughable was before us.

The surge on the shore was so heavy, and knocked our boat so alarmingly against the rocks, that nothing but the hauling powers of our crew could accomplish a landing. Before this could be done, all but two of them had thrown themselves into the rushing waves; at the same time a new detachment of Lazzaroni sprang forth from the shore, and as many hands

as could possibly find hold upon him, seized my companion and bore him thither *whole*, though I expected he must be torn to pieces! How *I* got ashore I scarcely know, but we were soon both treading the hot dry sand of the Calabrian coast, and forgetting our tumultuous transport from the ship. Before us lay our luggage which was to be the cause of another contest. Some said we must go to the custom house; others to the Sanita; some to the burial-place of Murat; and some to the Locanda nobile: and at last it was settled that we should walk, through the hot deep sand, to the Dogana, as that was the nearest. We had not taken a dozen steps, when a heavily-armed, bandit-looking Camorrista appeared, and commanded us haughtily to follow him. He conducted us to a ship that lay not far off, under whose shade, and it was a blessing to get out of the heat, two Camorristi sitting upon one cask had

had established themselves. One of them held an ink bottle and a seal, while the other, after puzzling over the passports for awhile, used his knee for a table on which to impress his seal on the paper. So primitive an official arrangement I never saw before.

A few carlini soon helped us through the custom house, and we took the nearest way to Pizzo. It was a steep and rugged one, composed of large stones and the *debris* of fallen houses, the interstices filled up with mud and rubbish, reminding me very vividly of the East. At length we reached the Piazza, a desert, unpaved place between two rows of one-storied, neglected looking houses, but affording a fine view of the sea, and the southern expanse of the Calabrian coast.

A marble statue of Ferdinand II. formerly adorned this Piazza. It remains there still, but mutilated, and standing only

on one leg—a warning type of the Bourbon dynasty. It was against the orders of their leader, but the Garibaldians took advantage of the night to strike off an arm and a leg.

Without further delay, we proceeded to the, so called, best hotel, in order, in the first place, to put our luggage into safe keeping.

Any one who has not been seasoned by travelling in Africa, or Greece, or Sicily, would have hesitated before crossing the threshhold of this hotel. There was no lack of room, but there was a plentiful deficiency of everything else; and when the reader pictures to himself three dirty chambers, in which there was *literally* nothing but bedsteads with rolled up mattrasses upon them, he will have a true representation of the "Locanda nobile all' Aurora" of Signor Antonio Belotta, and may easily imagine what resources it promised.

Completely

Completely exhausted by my stormy landing and subsequent hot walk, my first wish was for the comforts of the toilette.

"Enviable person that you are," said my companion, meeting me after I had exchanged my woollen travelling dress for one of lighter material, "not only are you protected from these barbarians, but have had the forethought to provide yourself with cool raiment! I never expected such heat in October, and have no coat but *this*, and my only alternative is to appear in shirt sleeves!"

"Take my Caftan," said I, offering him my dressing-gown.

"Impossible!" he replied, with horror, "the children would hoot me in the street, and the dogs would bark at me, were I to appear in such a Sheik-like dress! but what's to be done?" he added, as he endued himself in my robe, and went to the looking-glass; "no, it will never do; the people

people would think me a prophet of some new sect, and stone me to death!"

After a hearty laugh we left the Locanda, in order to inquire what means of locomotion were procurable for the pursuit of our journey; but when we heard that neither coach nor cart, nor beast of burthen were to be found in the town—that the boasted "land communication" of the Captain of the "Pompei" was confined to the comet-like visit of some chance conveyance—and that there was no boat in the harbour which could take us to the Lipari Isles, our merriment soon vanished.

"Look," sighed Captain D—; "there goes our lost Paradise," and he pointed out to me a dark spot on the distant waters. My suggestion, however, that we might at all events see all that was remarkable in Pizzo itself, somewhat consoled him, and after a short walk, we found ourselves at the entrance of a castle, or more properly

I should call it a tower-like gateway, beyond which we could see a large space of ground, where a mass of ruined walls indicated the former existence of a castle. The inevitable showman with his keys appeared, and introduced us into his now waste, but memory stored, empire.

The fortunes of Murat are too well known to make it necessary for me to linger over them, but some details of the close of his life, which were related to me by a well-informed Calabrian, will not perhaps be less interesting to my readers than they were to myself.

As may be recollected, the Bourbons, after the overthrow of Napoleon, demanded the deposition of Murat, and the proceedings of the Congress at Vienna were equally against him. He therefore strengthened his forces, encouraged the free ideas of the Italian people, and opened a secret communication with the ex-emperor

peror at Elba. As soon as he heard of the return of Napoleon, he retreated with his army of 40,000 men, by way of Rome, Florence, and Modena, and began, without plan or sufficient means, hostilities against the Austrians, and at last, on the 2nd of May, an engagement took place, in which he was beaten, and his army completely routed. He himself fled with a few followers to Naples, where he found all in confusion and revolution. After many dangerous wanderings, he escaped at length to Corsica, and landed at Bastia on the 25th August, and here several of his former officers assembled, and proposed to make him king of Corsica. But Murat had his lost crown in view still, and relying too sanguinely upon the sympathy of the Neapolitans, he emarked on the 20th September, with 250 men on board seven transport vessels for Salerno, there to be met by a larger number. A storm dispersed the little

little flotilla on the coast of Calabria, and only two of them made the harbour of San Lucido. Notwithstanding this disaster, Murat, followed by General Franceschetti and twenty-six faithful adherents arrived by land at Pizzo, on the 8th October. It was a festival day, and the militia of the place were exercising before the Piazza. He made himself at once known, and his companions, bursting through the throng, proclaimed him their king and deliverer.

The bystanders, however, showed not the least sympathy, and began to disperse, and disgusted by this cold reception, Murat immediately left Pizzo, and took the road to Monteleone, where the people were known to be favourable to him. But one of their chiefs, Trentacapilli by name, a true Bourbonist, informed his party of his approach, and soon set every one against Murat, who was obliged to fly through by-roads to save his life by reaching the coast.

coast. This, by some wonder, he did, but only to see his ship under sail, the traitorous captain, a Maltese of the name of Barbara, paying no attention to Murat's shouts and signs, having intentionally, it was said, perpetrated this scandalous act.

Still the heroic-minded fugitive meditated escape, and finding his strength insufficient to launch a boat which lay on the beach, he plunged, in full uniform, into the sea.

But this daring act failed to save the unhappy man from his impending fate. He had swum but a few strokes from land, when one of his spurs caught in a fishing-net, and vain were his struggles to get free. His pursuers speedily overtook him, brought him ashore, and after stripping him of all his decorations, cast him into one of the cells of the city prison, while they sent the news of his capture to Naples.

General Nunziante, the governor of Calabria,

labria, however, interfered, and removed Murat to a more suitable place of confinement, insisting that proper respect should be shown him.

A despatch from King Ferdinand brought directions that he should be tried by court-martial.

Seven judges were appointed, of whom three were chosen by Murat, men of good position and intelligence. They met in a room adjoining the bedroom of the prisoner, and the next morning, General Nunziante informed him of the result. Murat knew that he could expect no mercy. The court had condemned him by a law of his own making.

He now wrote a most touching farewell letter to his wife and children, and the fourth day after his capture, he was brought out from his chamber to the platform prepared for his execution. It was on the evening of the 13th October that eight of his own

own soldiers were drawn up in a rank to complete the sentence of the court. Murat refused to have his eyes covered, and gave, in a firm and loud voice, the order to fire.

* * * *

Nearly half a century has elapsed since this unrighteous 13th of October, and yet when I found myself standing on the very spot on which the tragic drama was acted, I felt its influence in every fibre. It seemed as if I could see the sad farewell glance of the hero on the picture of his children, and hear the last heartwrung exclamation, "Aim at my heart, soldiers, and spare my face, out of respect to my wife!" The rolling musket volley seemed to strike my ear, bravely fell the sacrifice to the earth, and lifeless it lay before me, bathed in its own blood.

* * * *

Historical interest is the only one that attaches

attaches to this fallen citadel of Pizzo. It lies high and rugged above the seashore, to which you descend by a steep path, hewn out of the solid rock. The city has obtained the name of "fedelissima," on account of her having delivered up Murat to the government; and there is a monument in the harbour, recording the privileges which she owes to that tragical event. They consist in the freedom of the inhabitants, for ever, from all customs duties, and that every burgher of the town has a right to six rotoli (about 18 lb.) of salt yearly. Besides this, all who were personally engaged in the capture of Murat, received a considerable pension. The Pizzani, who were never much liked by the other towns of Calabria, have now added the character of "treacherous" to the previous causes of dislike.

We walked down the steep and narrow road back to Pizzo, and turned our steps towards

towards the church, to the building of which Murat contributed 2,000 ducats. A square stone in the pavement of the nave, marks the spot where his bones now rest, but it has no inscription. There is little else connected with this church worth mentioning. A tricoloured flag, dating from the time when Murat, as king of Naples, promised a Constitution, used to be displayed in the Sacristy, but it is now removed to the "Cancellaria," because when Garibaldi was here his people wanted to take it away.

Twilight overtook us as we were proceeding to a point where we could obtain the most favourable view over this pleasant spot, surrounded as it is with gardens and vineyards, and as we had exhausted all its other sights, we returned to our inn.

Our deficiencies soon began to show themselves, for I must remark that we had intended to supply ourselves at Messina with

with everything we were likely to want during our journey, but having landed at Pizzo, we found ourselves very ill provided. While my companion was wandering from shop to shop, in the vain hope of buying candles, and coffee, and sugar, and such like, I did my best to put the rooms in something like order, but it was labour in vain, and after my host had been persuaded to find me an ill-shaped, dirty table, and a sort of school form to sit on, he entirely abandoned his attentions, sat himself down upon the bench, lighted his cigar, and began to cross-examine me on the subject of the war at Naples.

The news of the battle of the Volturno was, of course, quite new to him, and turned the conversation upon Garibaldi. "The Dictator," said he, "only remained here a quarter of an hour, for he was in search of a column of the royal army. He has taken away all the pensions that were granted

granted to the captors of Murat, but still his appearance here awoke so much enthusiasm, that many of our people joined his standard. I myself saw my three eldest sons, fine youths of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two years old, march off with the irresistible hero, and my youngest boy would have gone too if I had not taken the precaution to lock him up."

The entrance of Captain D—, who had been superintending the preparation of a dish of maccaroni, brought mine host's narrative to an end. His spindle-formed wife now made her appearance with the smoking hot national dish, and the Captain had provided some excellent wine, which not a little contributed to keep the desponding pair in more hopeful patriotism.

The weather had been getting worse, and now indicated a storm. This, however, did not prevent Captain D— from collecting a lot of seamen around him, and endeavouring

endeavouring to bargain with them for a voyage to the Liparian Isles. No one seemed willing to undertake it, and tired with my day's exertions, I sought my bed-chamber, which I could at all events do in the full assurance that I had won my host's good will; for, after wishing me good night, he took up a rolled curl-paper which I had dropped on the floor, and said, with much Calabrian humour, "This real Havana, madame, I will smoke to your honour!"

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Pizzo — Hurricane, and unhoped for landing—Difficulty of getting away from Briatico—The "Casica," and the bloody-minded Peppo in the narrow pass—Eventful ride to Tropea—The Cavaliere Tranfo—The Santa Maria Salva in Porto—Tropea, its site and environs, and its musical youth.

NO sooner was it daylight, than Captain D— hurried down to the harbour to ascertain how much we dared hope from the weather and the determination of the boatmen. "So far is certain," said he, as he entered my apartment with two young marinari, "we sit here as in a cage, and the people seem to have sworn to place every possible obstacle in

in our way; but if you will follow my advice, we will upset their design. The weather, to be sure, is not very settled, but good enough for our purpose, and we may, by coasting along the shore, reach Tropea, which is much nearer to Stromboli than Pizzo, and where we are likely to find boats. If you do not think my plan too venturesome, I will make a bargain with these two men, and I doubt if I could do it with any others."

Convinced that my old friend would not deceive me, I entered into his scheme at once, and before the clock had struck twelve, we were on the quay. The indignation of the Captain began to burn when we found the bespoken craft had been exchanged for a wretched tub, and that the four seamen who were to navigate it had dwindled down to two raw-looking youths and a boy. However, as the voyage was one of but four or five hours, and we were

particularly anxious to see the sights we had resolved to see, we went on board our ill appointed nutshell.

It was an exciting moment when we stretched out to sea, and our little bark bounded with elf-like activity over the dark green waters. Speedily faded the town and its fallen castle from our view, and as I cast my eye along the outline of the hills, to the other end of the bay, I saw clearly that the whole was without inhabitants, for neither church or chapel, house or hut, gave life to the bare strand; on the sea also, no sail, large or small, was to be seen. But why should this surprise me? we were making a passage across the treacherous sea of Santa Eufemia, which even the Calabrians themselves unwillingly venture to navigate.

Captain D— advised the boatmen, in order to avail ourselves of a more favourable wind, to make at once for the open sea.

sea. They complied with great reluctance, and made many tacks which seemed quite unnecessary in such fine weather, but we had not been long on board before the sky grew black with heavy clouds, the sea rolled in massive waves, crowned with foam, and the wind bent the mast with its power. The pitching boat was frequently struck, the frightened sailors looked first at the wild elements, and then at the man whose advice they had taken, and as I saw that *his* countenance also changed, I made sure that we had real difficulties to encounter, which our frail and ill provided vessel might not be able to overcome.

"Let us put back," said I; "let us rather pass the night on the open strand than risk our lives in this manner."

"Landing," replied he, "is easier talked of than done; observe also what a distance now lies between us and the shore; how the wind blows from all quarters, and prevents

vents our making any progress at all; our sail is too large for this light boat, and if we take it in, we may be the victims of this Bourrasque."

However, as we could not any longer make way to seaward, we turned all our endeavours to reaching the shore, and made for the Punta della Rocchetta, at the southernmost point of the bay.

After an anxious hour of great danger, we began to breathe a little more freely. Our bark tumbled from one wave to another, and the unsteady sail still shifted from side to side, but the violence of the sea certainly abated. We approached the coast perceptibly, an old ruined tower on the point of Rocchetta was recognisable, and we had the hope of a speedy landing before us. In another hour we had exchanged the troubled waters for the dry sands.

"We have, indeed, had an escape to be thankful

thankful for," said the Captain, "for it was no Bourrasque, but a real hurricane! But what are we to do now?"

"The boatmen tell me," said I, "that at Briatico we shall find some beasts of burthen which will carry us to Tropea, and if it be too late to get there to-day, we shall at all events find accommodation for the night. Hasten with one of the men to Briatico, while I and the other look after the luggage."

He at once followed my advice, but we waited for his return so long that I lost all patience, and told the man who had remained with me that I should leave him in charge of the goods, and pursue my way to the town.

I had not gone far before I encountered several waggons drawn by oxen. The simplicity of their construction was quite classical. A few boards formed the cart, and two circular discs of wood the wheels. In each

each stood a Calabrian peasant, who drove his team with much skill over the rough roads, and I quite pleased myself with the expectation of engaging one of them to take our baggage to the town, but all my efforts to make them understand what I required were fruitless. They listened, understood nothing, and went on their way.

At Briatico I found my friend surrounded by what I should think must have been the entire population of the place, and in order to satisfy their impatient curiosity, he had mounted himself on a tub, and was haranguing them, like a quack doctor, on the subject of our wants of horses, mules, or asses, to pursue our journey to Tropea.

This seemed to set the whole town in alarm. Some ran away at once, some declared the distance to be twelve miles, others fourteen and eighteen, but all agreed that

that the road was "pessima," inasmuch as by day it was difficult to get along, and by night impossible. Nevertheless, one old fellow, by name Peppo, offered us three asses for the journey, and to accompany us himself. With him, therefore, and two strong peasants, we struck a bargain, and the Captain descended from his rostrum in order to go with one of them to fetch our goods, while I examined into the matter of the beasts and their caparisons.

Never dreaming of having to ride, I had prepared myself only for sea voyaging, and had packed all my clothes in a large square chest, very ill suited to this kind of transport, and how the old Peppo contrived to pack the "Casica," as he called it, and the Captain's portmanteau, and all our cloaks, umbrellas, &c., &c., upon one poor donkey, I cannot imagine.

In spite of petticoats and crinoline, I was obliged to mount *(horribile dictu)* "à Califourchon,"

Califourchon," and moreover, I discovered that my steed was hardly more than a foal, and that his knees knocked against each other every step he took. The Captain was not much better mounted, and when I looked up and saw that the heavy clouds would probably shorten the two hours' daylight that remained for our journey, I began to fear that it would not end without adventures, and I proposed to remain at Briatico till morning.

"*En route, en route*, we must get away from this robber's nest, where the people would very likely murder us for our plunder," was all the Captain replied, as he began, with energetic strokes, to quicken the motions of his nag.

His words really seemed so earnest that I did not dare to say any more, and followed him in silence.

Now over high ground and now over low, rode we forward at a snail's pace for half an

an hour or more, and I began to think the people had given the road a worse character than it deserved, but I was wrong. Peppo, on whom devolved the charge of the animal which bore our luggage, suddenly disappeared, donkey and all, into a hole. The cords which bound our packages were burst asunder, and our luggage broken and scattered about in all directions. Here was the Captain's pack, with all its contents fully displayed, there lay his coffee machine, and there his anisette flask. Further on had rolled my tea kettle, and there, upon a heap of shawls and cloaks, lay the "Casica," on which the blame of the mishap was laid by the old Peppo, who got up, furious with pain, and swearing that he could not and would not go a step further.

"If you knew what a road it was," thundered forth the Captain, "why did you undertake to conduct us; but now, reload the

the beast instantly, and go on, or you shall feel the weight of my fist."

This imperative tone worked marvels. We all helped the old fellow by collecting all the scattered articles, and we were enabled to resume our march without any great loss of time.

Peace, however, did not last long. Peppo was a good-for-nothing fellow, and was meditating evil. High words occurred again, and I soon heard the Captain's voice in a loud key; but what gave me most uneasiness was, that the two peasants assured me we had a most dangerous hollow to pass through, the rocky sides of which were so close to each other that it would be difficult to get our beast of burthen through it, and, further, that from the disturbed state of the times, there were many marauders and deserters about, to whom nothing would be more welcome than to make booty of our possessions.

The

The way certainly was becoming worse and worse, and at length the difficulty of sitting on my steed was so great, that I dismounted, and it was not without the assistance of one of the men that I could get along on foot. The passage soon became so narrow, and blocked up with great stones, that, at first sight, I thought there was no way of getting through but on all fours! How, then, could the heavily-laden baggage bearer get on? As I could be of no use in solving this problem, I left my own beast to pioneer my way, and followed close on his heels. It was not a few steps that we had to travel thus, but a long distance, and I had not gone far when dismal cries fell on my ear! A pause ensued, and then the sounds of anger and dispute again were heard. I pictured to myself all that was horrid, and it was some time ere I could muster up courage to go on and see what was the matter, expecting nothing less

less than to see the poor Captain lying dead or dying, and bathed in his blood. The first thing I could discern, when I approached the scene, was the unfortunate ass and all his cargo jammed up between the rocks! How I got by him I hardly know, but having done so, I found my friend in single combat with the old rogue Peppo, and just depriving him of a large dagger-like knife! At a short distance stood another of the drivers brandishing a similar knife, and I knew the third was equally well armed!

My appearance put an end to the contest, and I entreated the Captain to moderate his wrath, and endeavour rather to propitiate these wretches, as we were so much in their power.

"We should, probably, neither of us be alive, madame, if I had not suspected the diabolical intentions of this villain, who only waited till we arrived in this narrow defile,

defile, to provoke me to a quarrel, in order that it might appear that he killed me in self-defence; but now that I have his knife, he will be cautious enough I doubt not!"

And now the poor beast and his burthen claimed our attention, and we promised the drivers an extra gratuity if they would carry all the packages, one by one, through the pass. When this laborious undertaking was safely accomplished, and we had crossed the mountain stream that ran at the foot of the hollow, we hastened to get everything in order, and in motion again, before utter darkness should set in. My driver had so overworked himself, in carrying my great chest, that I looked about to see what I could get to revive him, and my eye falling on the bottle of anisette, I gave him a glass for that purpose. Of course he did not require asking twice, but, scorning to make use of the glass, he put the

the bottle to his mouth, and kept it there so long that I was obliged to check him. He told me he had never tasted anything so strong, and we walked on, but shortly he stopped behind, and did not rejoin me again. Alarmed, I pursued my way till I overtook the rest of the party, and I then told them my driver must be ill, and we must go back and look after him. Presently we heard a terrible groaning, and cries of "Help! help! I am burning!" and we found the poor fellow lying on the ground in great pain. The reason soon appeared. He had continued to carry the package in which the anisette was enclosed, and stopping to treat himself with another dose, he took out the wrong bottle, and imbibed a quantity of spirits of wine, which I used in my lamp. We knew not what remedy to apply, or what to do, but as he evidently could not walk, we placed him on the ass which I had been riding.

My

My friend seemed disposed to turn this occurrence into a joke, and told us it was all for our advantage, adding, "We may now travel with less apprehension, since I have disarmed one of the rogues, and another has rendered himself incapable."

My friend's humour, however, soon dwindled into silence, for in truth the scenes we had gone through had disturbed the calmest of us, and unnerved the bravest. I never, in the whole course of my wanderings, went through so fatiguing a journey as this. To make matters worse, Peppo had now mistaken the road, and in the dark, threatening night, we had to find our way first across a dry watercourse, and then through an almost impenetrable thicket; to ford a rushing brook, and to pass over a treacherous piece of sandy ground, and this with not even the light of a star.

In all these difficulties I could do no-

thing but blindly follow my guide, to whom I also confided my bag, a piece of indiscretion which might have cost me much, and which gave me some notion of Calabrian impudence, for while the fellow helped me over the worst parts with one hand, with the other he was helping himself to whatever his thievish fingers could extract from the bag. What could I do? A good distance divided us from the others, and I could not forget the long knife he carried at his girdle.

The little town of Parghelia, to which our six hours' labour now brought us, indicated that we were not far from our goal. The sound of a spring gushing out of a rock near us, was a temptation I could not resist, and while I was gone to cool my lips with its refreshing water, my shameless conductor actually struck a light and began to examine the articles he had filched from my bag. Exasperated at this piece of insolent

solent audacity, I gathered up the remains of my strength, and set off at a speedy pace up the eminence on which Tropea stood. Here I found the others already arrived, but the place looked as if all in it were dead.

"Every one is sleeping the sleep of death, I think," said the Captain; "we have shouted and knocked till we are tired, but every window remains dark, and every door closed. We shall be obliged to take rest not only in the open air, but in the rain probably."

I was actually beginning to think he would be right in his prophecy, when a gleam appeared through a shutter, a window slowly opened, a woman looked out, and a key dropped at our feet. With this Peppo opened the door, and introduced us into the house. Intending to mount a stair before me, I perceived at the top a female figure, wrapped in a loose garment, who said, "Our house is quite full, and this

room will scarcely be good enough for you," showing me a hole, out of which an unbearable atmosphere issued, and I ran quickly down again to escape asphixia, and nearly ran over a well-dressed man at the bottom, whom, supposing him to be the host, I addressed as such. "Pardon me, signora," he said, in good Italian, "I am not the padrone of this locanda, but a 'particolare' of this town. My duty at the telegraph office obliged me to be up this night, and hearing that two travellers had arrived, I came to offer my services, knowing that Tropea, being out of the high road and seldom visited by tourists, could not afford any decent accommodation for a chance visitor."

While the young Calabrian was addressing me thus politely, another key fell from another window, but our second chance was almost as bad as the first. Of two vacant rooms, one, a windowless closet, must content

tent the Captain, and the other, more like a stable than a chamber, must fall to my lot, and nothing but the driving rain and our dislike to intrude on the *employé* of the telegraph office, who offered his room, could have induced us to enter them.

We now sent for the landlord and his wife, for it is the custom here for them to leave their guests to themselves, or at best in charge of a servant, and go to another house to sleep in quiet; and while the Cavaliere Tranfo—so was the young Calabrese called—went to fetch them, I looked over the contents of my bag, and to my great joy I found that my gold watch and other valuables had escaped the light fingers of the driver, and as he had only taken a few unimportant trifles, I resolved to say nothing about it, seeing that a complaint before a magistrate, if there was such a personage here, must subject us to great delay.

Completely overcome with fatigue, I sank

sank down in a deep sleep, and it was only on waking the next day that I became conscious into what a place I had got. Overhead, the daylight gleamed through gaps in the roof; of glass in the windows there was not a trace, and the shutters closed so badly that the wind blew in unmercifully. The floor was damp all over, and in some parts streamed with water. I was just in the act of barricading the shutters, and placing a battery of jars to catch the rain as it fell from the roof, when my friend, dripping like Neptune, and accompanied by the padrona, entered my room, with a shrieking hen in one hand and a basket in the other. "Shocking prospect!" sighed he; "what could have induced us to leave Pizzo, where at any rate there are steamers once a week, and come here, where we are cut off from all communication whatever, for on looking across the shore, I fear this weather is only beginning, and as to vessels,

it

it looks as bad for us as it does for all other accommodations."

"Your patience and your invention will have the more scope," I replied to my friend, who had just pronounced sentence of death on the poor fowl, and given the landlady some particular directions how to cook it, after which he went himself to prepare the fire over which our *pot au feu* was to be hung.

The thunder-claps now followed each other more rapidly than ever, and the rain came down in a stream, so that it was impossible for me to leave our den. A visit, therefore, from the Cavaliere was all the more welcome, and as Tropea is scarcely named in modern books of travel, I gleaned from him all the particulars I could of the town.

Tropea, then, is the ancient Portercole, a city of Magna Græcia, and was founded by the Greeks, when they settled on Cape Vaticano.

Vaticano. Strabo and Pliny both mention this, but some antiquarians contend that it was founded by some Roman leader, either Scipio, Sextus Pompeius, or Augustus, and that the name originated from the trophies which such leader set up there. Stephanos Byzantinos, in the fifth century, designates it πολις Σικελιας and Belisarius fortified and occupied it after his landing at Reggio.

During the middle ages, Tropea belonged to the Royal Possessions, and enjoyed thenceforward the rights and privileges of a University. The Aragonians endowed the town with great advantages, which Charles V. afterwards confirmed. In the year 1703 it was divided into two parts, that of the nobility, called "Sedile Erculeo," and the "Sedile Africano," of which the more wealthy burghers were the proprietors. These two orders divided the magistracy and the direction of affairs between them, and their jurisdiction extended over twenty-

three

three neighbouring villages, so that it has been said that Tropea had a kind of republican constitution on an aristocratic foundation.

Out of its Bishoprick, founded as far back as the third century, have been derived Bishops and Cardinals, and Tropea seems to have been particularly rich in the production of honourable officials, such as Treasurers, Masters of the Horse, Generals, and Marshals.

* * * *

A little pause in the storm now allowed us to take a ramble to the shore, when, with the Cavaliere's help, we made a contract with some seamen for our further progress.

On the strand there lay several spruce craft, ready laden, and waiting for a fair wind to sail for Reggia, Messina, and Melazzo; but for the lonely Stromboli, our present

present mark, there was but one old, badly built, and very small barque, and laden, moreover, with a cargo of onions, and an inspection produced a look of ridicule and mistrust on the countenance of my friend, which I did not like at all. "Santa Maria salva in Porto," read he, with difficulty deciphering the half-erased letters. "Ah! that is credible enough—safe enough, I dare say, to 'in port;' but will she be safe anywhere else? It's my belief her next voyage will be her last. Twenty years old at least!"

"That may easily be," exclaimed her owner, with pride, "for it is more than ten years since I bought her. We only go out in fair weather, it being fifty miles to Stromboli; but should we ever be overtaken with such a storm as that of to-day, or a leak should spring, then all goes to the bottom."

It was evident that Maestro Giulio had no

no inclination to take us to Stromboli, and it was only when the Cavaliere showed him how much it would be to his advantage to comply with our wishes, that he consented to clear out a space among his onions, and promised to sail as soon as the weather permitted; for this we had to pay eight ducats as earnest money. Jupiter sanctioned our compact with his thunder, and the sluices of heaven opened afresh, and through this weather we had to regain our den at Tropea.

The time we had to spend in this dispiriting abode was much shortened by the company of the Cavaliere, in whom we found a pure, honourably-minded man, placed by fate in an out-of-the-way corner, with talents which fitted him for a better lot, but without any hope of attaining it.

Belonging to a distinguished and once wealthy family, now reduced to poverty, and having lost his father in early youth, Antonio Tranfo was unable to pursue that earnest

earnest course of studies which might open to him a more promising career; and as the only support of a mother and sister, he was obliged to accept a place in the telegraph office. Although he had never left his native town, which afforded no opportunity of mixing with well-informed people, yet was his mind well cultivated by means of books, his ideas were enlarged, and his political and religious opinions were noble and elevated. I also heard that it was his anxiety for the two ladies who depended on him, that prevented him from following the dictates of patriotism, and offering his services to the Dictator.

It was late when our amiable friend left us. From the street he called out to us that the wind had changed, and that there was every prospect of a fine day. I then sought my miserable bed, but not even the fatiguing seven hours I had undergone sufficed to give me rest. I could not sleep; my

my head was full of a perfect confusion of thoughts, how I would interest Garibaldi in favour of the Cavaliere, and how we should ever overcome the obstacles to our going to Stromboli.

Then I fancied that I heard music. I thought I was dreaming, but nearer and nearer appeared to come the full sound of a quartette of male voices, and at last it seemed to be at my door. Then I thought I distinguished the favourite Garibaldi Hymn, and then a Tuscan, and then a Sicilian melody, and, last of all, a Calabrian national air. Neither at a concert, nor in a German University, did I ever hear anything so delightful as the fine tones that issued from the throats of these Calabrian youths, for by this time I was quite awake, and knew it to be reality that I heard. It was not a lay in praise of blue-eyed beauty, but the strong, nervous language of a brave people rejoicing over freedom.

The

The magic of this charming serenade was still occupying my thoughts, when the sweet tones of a female voice struck my ear. I looked out of my window, and saw a pretty fisherman's wife singing her baby to sleep; the music which flowed from her coral lips was as tender and melancholy as the glance she cast from under her long eyelashes on the distant sea, where, doubtless, sailed the bark of her young husband. As a companion to this picture, another offered itself, in its kind no less worthy of admiration, for, on opening my door, I saw, in the next room, a group, consisting of my friend the Captain, surrounded by six smoking, athletic, and half-naked marinari, full of wonder at a spirit lamp, by means of which he was boiling some eggs, and, altogether, they formed a scene which Teniers or Terburg might have painted.

"The weather holds good," said the Captain, "many vessels have already gone to

to sea, and yet this obstinate fellow will not follow them."

"No," said Maestro Giulio, "I go not out of harbour to-day. It's all very well with new vessels and strong, but with the old, heavy laden Santa Maria, I dare not venture out."

"If you have been playing with us, and do not intend keeping your word, give us back our money," answered the Captain, with increasing wrath.

The entrance of the Cavaliere, who came to invite us to a stroll, interrupted the discussion. Maestro Giulio would neither sail nor return our money, and we had to bow to fate, and go for a walk!

We first visited the shore, whence Tropea formed a most picturesque scene, lying, as it does, in a little bay, under the shelter of the wide-spreading range of hills which reach to Cape Vaticano. A high conical rock, full of splits and hollows, and crowned with

with a chapel, rises out of the sea before the town. Still higher than this rock, stands the northern half of Tropea, with its churches, and monasteries, and so-called palaces, built partly of granite, and partly of sandstone; the other half stretches landward, and is bounded by gardens and vineyards.

Looking at the rich country between Tropea and Parghelia, one thinks that it was intended to repay the traveller for all the deprivations he had previously undergone. Everything grows with truly southern luxuriance, such as you see on the coast of Greece.

Here flourish the finest natural products, unthreatened by frost or the cutting north wind; the dark, succulent leaf of the orange and lemon trees, the tender bright-green of the pomegranate, the graceful foliage of the red-stalked ricinus, and the heavy-laden branches of the grape vine, vary the appearance

ance of the ground, while the more humble fig, and the twisted-boughed olive, the aloe and the cactus on the rocky boundary of this garden, formed a worthy frame to the picture.

The Monastery of the Holy Francisco d'Assisi, the white pillars of a colonnade, a chapel, or a kiosklike pavilion, pleasantly break the beautiful monotony of the rich vegetation on which they stand. A tall rush, with a blossom like the aloe, reminded me vividly of Algiers or Tunis, as did also the Moorish fashion of the fishermen's huts on the shore, and the glowing colours of the glittering sands, contrasting with the deep blue of the sea and sky, made quite an African impression.

I could have dreamed away many an hour on this fair shore if I had not been roused by a sudden shouting and crying, and a general rushing of people from street and house! "What can have happened?"

said I, to an old man who was filling his pitcher at the spring at which the day before I had quenched my thirst. "News of a change of Government, the raising of the banner of a new king," he replied. Surely, said I, to myself, the Bourbons cannot have repossessed themselves of Naples! But my apprehensions were soon relieved. It was a demonstration of joy at the tidings of the capitulation of Ancona. The reader would hardly think this, for Ancona capitulated on the 29th of September, and halting Fame (which does not yet travel on a copper wire in these parts) brought it to Tropea on the 5th of October!

When the first burst of this tumultuous demonstration was over, we returned to the town to take a more inland view of it. The ancient walls around it are well preserved, and in times when long range guns were not, and men fought with the bright sword, the town would have stood a sharp siege.

The

The Cavaliere conducted us into some gardens which reminded me of the orange gardens of Sorrento, except that the many palms and other tropical plants gave them a still more Southern character. We ended a long ramble by a visit to a projection whence we could obtain an extensive view over the sea. The wind had become more and more calm, the sky was perfectly clear, and from the height on which we stood, the waves gleamed like a looking-glass. With the aid of a telescope we were enabled to distinguish the faint outlines of the conical Stromboli, our wished-for destination.

"As true as I live," cried the Captain, "there go the vessels for Messina, with which Maestro Giulio promised to sail! The fellow has treated us scandalously, and if he is ass enough to refuse to go while such weather lasts, we shall have another storm, and never get away."

We determined to go to the Cavaliere's

office, and try again what could be done with the boatmen.

The *elite* of the Tropean youth was already assembled at Don Antonio's door, and we sent some of them to seek Giulio. When he appeared with his crew, there ensued a Pandemoniacal scene which almost distracted me. The result of a stormy debate was, that he promised to fetch us at ten o'clock if the weather remained fine. The Cavaliere engaged to attend our embarkation, and we went in to prepare for our departure.

"You may as well go quietly to bed," said Antonio, "Maestro Giulio will not trust himself to the sea to-night, and you will see no more of him."

Mine host was right. Ten o'clock and eleven arrived, but no boatmen! Tired of waiting, I lay myself down and slept, lulled by the melodious tones of the patriotic chant, "Viva l'Italia e' la Liberta!"

CHAPTER IV.

Departure from Tropea—The knightly Calabrian—Our crew and their frugal sea diet—The siesta—Sea calm and sea splendour—The Cetaceæ—The enchanted island—Night arrival and inhospitable reception at Stromboli.

"Post Nubila Phœbus."

MY rest had lasted but a couple of hours, when the loud cries of a familiar voice made me start up suddenly from my sleep. I struck a light, and opening the window, the moonlight showed me two manly figures, the Cavaliere and the Captain, the latter of whom, anxious to get away from this unaccommodating

commodating place, did not, as I did, go to sleep, but after a careful examination of the weather, hurried to the town, and mercilessly pulled the Cavaliere from his bed, in order to obtain his co-operation in another attempt to oblige the obstinate Maestro to fulfil his engagement. His first words to me, "The 'Santa Maria' is afloat and will be off at once," showed me that he had succeeded.

In a journey so out of the common way, I could not be surprised at this military style of impromptu. I was dressed in a few minutes, and in a few more I had paid the host, and was making some coffee ready. But my friend's impatience would hardly allow him to drink a cup of it, before he was off with the luggage to the shore, while I finished the little I had still to do, and presently followed him with the Cavaliere.

The moon shed her silver beams upon the romantic Tropea, with its old walls and antique

antique towers, and gave them an additional charm. Its luxuriant woodlands and its cleft rocks reposed in the perfect stillness which reigned over the sleeping scene. Hardly a breath stirred in the mild air, and in equal silence we trod the rough path which led us through a narrow defile to the shore; for the thought that we were about to pursue a doubtful aim by very doubtful means, heightened the secret charm of this nocturnal and almost flight-like departure, and took away all inclination to talk.

I was pursued by a flock of clamorous porters and boatmen, whose demands I was endeavouring to satisfy, when I heard the sound of leave-taking between the Cavaliere and Captain D—, the latter of whom was already on board, and shouting to me to make haste. How I should have got rid of my tormentors without the aid of the Cavaliere, I do not know. This knightly Calabrese, as I really must call him, who had evinced

evinced so great an interest in us from our arrival to our departure, and had really been of so much use to us, seemed very unwilling to part from us, for we had evidently broken the monotony of his life in a manner that, for Tropea, was something quite rare, and had very likely awoke in him longings and hopes which might put an end to the contentment of his former life. I gave him my promise to use all my influence with the Dictator to procure him a more important post, such as would open to his many talents and acquirements a more worthy field in which to display themselves.

Our situation on board the Santa Maria I can compare only to one of the little squares of a Roman Mosaic. The crampy feeling of our half sitting, half standing position, and the smell of the cargo, with which we were in such very close proximity, was truly annoying, and yet the poetry

poetry of our night voyage, and the near prospect of an early acquaintance with an island group seldom visited, made me forget all present inconveniences.

Behind us, at the rudder, sat, wrapped in his sea cloak, and still growling in a low tone over his compulsory departure, the Maestro Giulio; and before us his crew, consisting of his three sons, and his son-in-law, and a very old marinaro. On account of the perfect calm, they were obliged to use their oars in order to take the heavy craft to Cape Vaticano, where they looked for a light breeze, and, if that failed, the old Padrone threatened to go back again.

All these details, however, troubled me but little, for over my head was such a display of bright stars as entirely to occupy my thoughts with the book of nature. How small and how transitory appear all earthly weal and woe, in comparison of the vastness and eternity of the heavenly frame which

which has looked down on the births and deaths of countless millions of mankind!

The starlight now began to pale, the moon had set, the morning dawned, and the sun arose, and yet we had not reached the point of doubt, Cape Vaticano, when Maestro Giulio cast a mistrustful look over the distance before us, and another towards the shore we had left behind us, and it was only at the urgent recommendation of Captain D—— that he consented to set a sail. Before this was accomplished, there was a cry of "a boat from shore, and we must wait for it!"

All eyes were turned to the boat, which was evidently making towards us, and presently we could see the crew making signals to us. "That's the Cavaliere Tranfo," said Giulio, "and he wants to speak to us." The boat soon overtook us, and the Cavaliere, who was one of the rowers, rose from his seat, and cried out, "Have you missed anything?"

anything?" "No," we replied, after counting over all our packages. "Is nothing gone out of your bag, signora?" I looked eagerly into my bag, and saw that a rouleau of twenty piasters had disappeared. "I saw," said Tranfo, "that you entrusted your bag to a certain Gennaro, while you were paying the demands that were made on you, but it was not till after you had been gone an hour, that a suspicion crossed my mind, and then I could not rest till I had seen Gennaro. He confessed the theft, and restored the money, begging me to take no proceedings against him. This time I have been able to save you from loss, but do not forget, signora, while you are travelling in Calabria, into what a deplorable condition the rule of priestcraft has brought its people." With these words he placed the rouleau in my hand, and once more we exchanged farewells. Hardly giving me time to express my thanks for his kindness, his fleet

fleet boat and her athletic crew darted away, and was soon too far to distinguish any longer the white handkerchief which was still waved from it.

This unexpected interlude was affording our sailors much food for conversation. Gennaro was one of the marinari of the place, and they had entreated the Cavaliere to pardon their comrade, as he had restored the money.

The sails were now set; we had reached Cape Vaticano, and though we did not progress at a better rate than two, or, at most two and a half miles an hour, still we did progress. The bright sunshine seemed to work wonders on the Padrone, for though he told us he could not promise to land us at Stromboli, but only at Messina, Lipari, or wherever the light breeze might allow, he displayed an affability and talkativeness that we never before gave him credit for.

And now there was a talk of the ship being

being leaky, and that a good deal of water had already been taken out of the hold. This operation had afterwards to be frequently repeated; and we saw from this *why* Maestro Giulio was so shy of going to sea, and it reconciled us the more to being landed wherever he could sell his cargo.

The sail often flapped against the mast, and the crew seldom took the trouble of using their oars, but still we were visibly receding from the Calabrian coast, and towards midday the outline of Stromboli stood apparent through an autumnal haze.

Many little incidents occurred to occupy our attention, such as often escape the notice of the voyager who is borne over the sea by the power of steam, but which we, on our old tortoise, had abundant time to examine.

At one time a flock of birds of passage flew over our heads, and at another there were hundreds of wild ducks and other water-fowl,

water-fowl, some of them darting at their prey in the water, and some lightly fluttering over the unruffled surface of the sea, while others were calmly following us, uttering their peculiar cries. Several times we observed the deck covered with the dust of the pumice stone, which the air had brought from the still distant islands, and which we welcomed as a proof that we were approaching land, and that our delivery from our present confinement drew near. Numerous were the dolphins swimming sociably together, or diving under the deep, and presently reappearing in some unexpected place, and all evidently enjoying themselves in the highest degree.

Punctually at twelve, the crew sat down to their dinner, which differed in nothing but its name from the breakfast of the morning, consisting of raw salted fish, coarse bread, onions, and water! The old sailor acted as Maitre d'Hotel, and divided (with

(with his fingers) the fish into six parts, placing each on an awkward-looking earthen bowl, with a piece of bread, and half an onion by its side. A larger portion was handed to the Maestro, who, as well as his crew, seemed highly to enjoy this unappetizing meal. This was not the first time I had had opportunity of noticing the frugality with which the sailors are kept in these countries; but I believe I have never seen such an extreme instance as this, for I have generally seen peas and beans, and sometimes maccaroni and salad, served out to them. I was assured that this diet was never changed, the sailors, from year's end to year's end, living on the same viands, than which Tropea offered nothing better, with the exception of a little fruit in the summer. They all appeared strong and healthy. That use had made it palatable, was evident; and equally evident was it that much hard work can be got out of a man

man, on much less, and less strengthening, food than we are accustomed to think necessary. Fresh air, perhaps, had something to do with it.

Even this light meal, however, must have the indispensible Italian siesta after it, and in a few minutes they were all asleep, some on the benches, and some on the bare deck. The nodding head of Maestro Giulio fell lower and lower every nod, till the rudder handle escaped his fingers, and the vessel was left to herself. My friend also had caught the infection, and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, reclined behind me!

Nothing now appeared to move, and stillness began her reign. Now lay the Santa Maria motionless on the motionless water, and anon a light air caught her sail, and a slight progress followed, and again she became still when the light breeze had passed. What pen can describe the

the magic of the moment I was then enjoying, borne over the open sea in a frail, unguided bark, in the midst of all the poetry and the classic associations and natural beauties around me. It was no phantasma, no confused dream. It was all real, but the reality was enhanced and brightened as in a dream. That smiling coast, which, clothed in southern luxuriance, lay stretched before me, was no Fata Morgana, but the identical shore which had been sung by Virgil, and described by Pliny; and here to my left lay the honoured Trinacria, while to the north the numerous and many-formed Æolic Islands glistened above the sunny waves. The mythic dwellings of Æolus, and the crystal waters over which our vessel glided so softly, and which looked as if no storm ever ruffled them, were they not the very same over which the bark of the persecuted Apostle had cut its way? The clear sky which raised its wondrous arch over my

head, seemed to my fancy like the dome of a Cosmical temple, to which both Heathendom and Christendom had entrusted their most sacred memories, and their most exalted monuments.

But such moments as these pass away too quickly. Seldom are such jewels picked up on the rough road of life, and still more seldom such a promising vein of golden ore as this. Unlike misfortunes, they cast no shadow before them, but come suddenly upon us, and as suddenly vanish.

* * * *

It was now high time that attention should again be paid to the increase of water which was weighing down the ship, and which had been neglected in the universal siesta. A certain loud snorting also had made me aware of many very large fish, which looked like rocks rising out of the sea, and which were gathering round us; and

and therefore I roused the Captain from his slumbers to ask what they were.

He observed them carefully, and then declared them to be "Capidogli" and "Souffleurs," adding that the appearance of these Cetaceæ in a sea so frequented as this would have surprised him more, had he not, in 1858, while bathing at Porto Ferrajo, Elba, himself seen a young whale raise its head out of the water, a sight which had not been seen there for sixteen years, and which set all the inhabitants in motion.

It would seem that the warmer water of the Mediterranean operates unfavourably on the senses of the whale, as he lies there helpless and defenceless, which, without some such hypothesis, is unintelligible; and whenever one of these denizens of the Arctic regions wanders to a southern clime, he appears to lose his consciousness of danger, and rushes to the shore, and to his destruction. Thus was it at Elba. The

whale, once in the bay of Ferrajo, hurried, amidst the shouts of the islanders, towards the shallow shore, where he stuck fast. The inhabitants of Elba, being unprovided with harpoons or other implements necessary to kill so unusual a visitor, his death was a difficult and a lengthy operation. A long time elapsed before any one was courageous enough to mount the head of the stranded Colossus, in order to deal him the first blow, though twenty Francesconi were his promised reward, and almost five hours passed away before the death of the animal was accomplished. Next morning all the town was bound for the spot where the "gran pesse" lay anchored in the shallow water, and as all the force they could exert was not sufficient to drag him up the beach, he was again floated, and towed round to Porto Ferrajo with singing and rejoicing.

It was not, however, with whales that we

we had to do, but with quick-swimming swordfish, whose upper jaws, like sword-blades, rise out of the sea—with giant grampuses, whose lightest stroke would do mischief, and lastly, with the capidogli, whose sound is audible a mile off.

A light wind which had now sprung up gave rise to a warm debate between the Padrone and Captain D—. The former contended that the best plan would be to take advantage of this wind, and make a long tack over to Sicily, whence, about sunset, he calculated on having a favourable breeze to waft us over to Stromboli. On the other hand, Captain D— was of opinion that it would be preferable to keep on our present course, and risk the dangers of the currents, seeing that, as we were already so near Stromboli, a recourse to our oars, if necessary, would bring us there in six hours. Maestro Giulio, however, went his own way, and we tacked away from Stromboli.

Those

Those only who have made the voyage through this Archipelago in a small sailing vessel, should dare to assert that they have seen the sight that voyage presents. I had several times before passed Stromboli in a steamer, but it was generally in the night, and ill or well, I always kept the deck to obtain a glimpse of the fire-vomiting mountain; but what did I see or know of the other islands of the Liparian group? Their names I knew from my childish studies—that Æolus took up his residence there, and that now they are famous for the wine, the raisins, and the currants their soil produces—but what is all this dead book knowledge in comparison with the living knowledge imbibed by the actual sight of the beautiful isles?

From Stromboli, which is the last of the group to the north, stretches away to the southward a chain of gracefully-formed rocky islands, and these, gilded by the setting sun, and brought out by shadows of all

all colours, and in all the diversities of their incomparable forms, were now displayed before my eyes.

Every moment I had to inquire a name, or examine my map, to make myself certain that all this was real. Panaria, Lipari, Vulcano, Salina, Felicude (nearly 3000 feet high) Alicudi, and a host of smaller isles and rocky prominences that lie between them, were now plainly visible; and as the sea was calm, and lighted by the last rays of evening, and the sinking sun, shining through an autumn mist, glowed like a rich disc of crimson, the picture became one of wondrous beauty, too soon to be destroyed, however, by the shades of night.

The twilight of Italy is of short duration, and night soon overtakes it; and when Maestro Giulio at length determined to set his sail, and strike over to Stromboli, the stars were already twinkling in the sky, while every progression of the keel, and every stroke

stroke of the oars, turned up a world of phosphoric efflorescence. The wind, however, which the Padrone had bespoken, left us in the lurch, but we were within rowing reach of the island, and might hope to be there by midnight. Every one of us was silent. The marinari sang no ritornelli, the boy played no tricks, the padrone and the Captain seemed to have nothing to dispute about, and all who were neither at the helm nor the oar, paid their tribute to night, and slept.

In such a night, and in such a scene, I could do nothing but look, and admire! Before me rose the majestic ruler of this silent scene, now in mystic rest, now groaning with internal convulsions, and, anon, sending forth a vast shower of red-hot stones from its fiery crater! About two miles now divided us from the shore of its southern cape, and I reckoned that, when there, a very short coasting along the eastern side of the island must bring us to

San

San Vincenzo; but, to my great surprize, we passed Capo dell'Uomo, and along the western side, as if we had no idea of landing! A twinkling light on the shore gave me hope and patience again, but when, after an hour, that hope had vanished, and when I found we were passing cape after cape, bay after bay, and rock after rock, I gave up the riddle in despair.

It is sometimes better to submit to a tormenting doubt than to achieve a fearful certainty, and therefore I determined to hope on, and ask no questions. I closed my eyes, and endeavoured to pass the time in a dreamy kind of meditation, and, at last, when our keel grated on the volcanic shore, I heard the solution of the riddle. Maestro Giulio had circumnavigated five-sixths of the island to avoid its dreaded currents!

It was now past four o'clock. The moon had set, the stars gave but little light, and the

the black shore looked like a solid wall before us. When first I placed my foot upon the ground, I became at once aware how greatly the two sleepless nights, and the cramping position I had occupied for twenty-four hours in the onion-perfumed vessel, had fatigued me.

No welcoming islanders came down to greet us; no hospitable door opened to receive us; no sympathizing fisherman offered us the shelter of his rude hut! The crying and the shouting of our crew had indeed roused some of the inhabitants from their slumbers, but when they had cast a sharp glance or two upon us, and exchanged a few muttered words with each other, they vanished again like suspicious ghosts.

Roofless and helpless, we waded through the deep sand, now this way, and now that, from one solitary dwelling to another, till, under the wall of one of them, I found a stone bench, and wrapping my Macintosh around

around me, and turning my bag into a pillow, I lay me down to rest, finding it impossible any longer to fight against the fatigue which oppressed me.

I believe I had slept two hours when Captain D—— awoke me with the news that he had prevailed on one Giuseppe Costa to place a part of his house at our disposal. Morning was about to dawn, but tired nature demanded its rights. Half sleeping and half waking, I staggered along to the so-called villa, which was nothing but a two-roomed magazine for the sale of wine and fruit. In the room appropriated to me was a bedstead and mattress. Giuseppe Costa opened an old oaken chest, out of which he took a supply of bed linen, which he threw over the mattress, and he and the Captain were hardly out of the room before I had fallen asleep as fast and as comfortably as the softest-couched Sybarite ever did or could.

CHAPTER V.

STROMBOLI.

"Fragorem ignis, qui ex Æolis insulis editur, ad mille usque stadia audiri, adeoque circa Tauromenium intelligi murmur tonitrui simile."—THEOPHRASTUS.

BEFORE I set out on this tour, I took much pains in hunting through the Naples booksellers' shops to find some work which might afford me information and guidance in my intended visit to these islands. One single and very small success repaid my toil. In the "Itineraire de l'Italie" I discovered a short notice, and with that I began my voyage to these little

little known, though not very remote, islands. From modern literature, therefore, I could obtain no aid; and, except what I knew of them from the Classics, and something from a volume of Dolomieu's, which I have met with since my return, I can tell the reader nothing but what my own observations and inquiries have produced.

These islands, named by the ancients "Insulæ Æoliæ," Vulcaneæ, Plotæ, Hephestiæ, and Lipariæ, but now collectively known under the name of the Liparian Islands (from Lipari, the largest and most productive of them all), lie on the north side of Sicily, and belonged, under the late Neapolitan Government, to the Province of Messina. They form a kind of chain, running from south-west to north-east, the westermost being Alicudi, and the most eastern Stromboli. The very stormy character of the sea in which they are placed, and

and in former times the Barbary pirates by whom they were infested, make it not surprising that they remained so little frequented or known. But now, when pirates are out of fashion, and navigation is better understood, it is somewhat remarkable that they have yet found no place in the itinerary of English sea voyagers, seeing that they are in the highest degree worthy of the attention not only of tourists in general, but of students of physical and natural phenomena in particular.

They are all volcanic, or the results of volcanic disturbances, and are a perfect cabinet for that kind of study, inasmuch as they present, in a comparatively small compass, all the possible conditions and stages of volcanic action. Stromboli is in constant agitation, and its eruptions follow one another at certain periods, and at very short intervals.

On the island of Vulcano also there is a mountain,

mountain, the less frequent eruptions of which present all the phases of those of Vesuvius and Ætna. On others of the islands there are extinct craters, the existence of which is evidenced only by boiling springs issuing from the mountain sides; and on others there are craters which are entirely inactive, but which, perhaps, only wait for some natural change to be again set in motion.

The material which these mountains have formed, and still produce, seems to be well worthy of scientific investigation, for the lava thrown up here differs in many respects from that of Ætna and Vesuvius.

The twelve chief islands of the group are Lipari, Vulcano, Salina, Panaria, Basiluzzo, Lisca Bianca, Lisca Nera, Dattolo, Stromboli, Alicudi, Felicudi, and Ustica, the last some distance westward from the rest. A number of rocky reefs raise themselves from the sea between the islands, all of

of which have local appellations, but are of too little importance to be noticed.

The Ancients knew but seven Liparian islands, so that it is probable the others are of more recent formation. Heraclides says,

"In Thyrenico mari jacent
Insulæ septem, haud procul Sicilia
Quas vocant Æoli insulas."

and Dionysius,

"Dehinc rupes Æolidarum
Quas septem numero perhibent cognomene Plotas."

Aristotle, Diodorus, Strabo, Mela, and Pliny enumerate these seven islands as follows:

I. Lipara (Lipari).
II. Vulcania or Therasia (Vulcano).
III. Euonymos (Lisca Bianca).
IV. Didyme (Salina).

V.

V. Strongyle (Stromboli).

VI. Phœnicodes or Phœnicusa (Felicudi).

VII. Ericodes or Ericusa (Alicudi).

The Liparian Islands have for many years shared the political fate of Sicily. The physical changes they have undergone are, as Dolomieu says, "little known."

History gives no reliable account of their eruptions, which seem to have occupied the poet more than the man of science. All we know from the works of either is that at various times new craters have been formed. The sea itself is said by them to have, at times, become heated; for instance, under the consulates of Emilius Lepidus and L. Aurelius Orestes. Strabo mentions the fact, and it has been repeated by Giulio Ossiquenti, who says, "The water became inflamed and boiling, and many vessels were burned, and many dead fish were

 thrown

thrown on shore, of which the islanders having eaten, an epidemic disease followed, and ran through the islands."

"The same thing happened again," as Posidonius relates, "during the summer solstice, when Titus Flaminius was Prætor of Sicily."

The truth of these accounts, which bear the stamp of the age in which they were written, we leave to the less easy faith of modern readers.

Of the volcanic origin of these islands no doubt can be entertained, and that their first appearance was in pre-historic times is the more probable, when we consider that the earthquakes and other natural disturbances which must have attended the upheaving of such colossal rocks, could not have failed to have extended to the neighbouring shores of Italy, and therefore the annals of any not utterly barbarous times, must have contained some notice of it.

When

* * * *

When I left Signor Costa's dwelling next morning, refreshed by several hours of sound sleep, the sun was already too high in the heavens to allow of our ascending the mountain that day, and we therefore determined on employing the afternoon in sauntering about the place.

I felt almost like a child and his presents on a Christmas Eve, so impatient was I to look upon the new scenery before me, and to assure myself that the long dreamed-of expedition to Stromboli was at last a reality, and that I was actually walking on shores so seldom trod by strangers, and could enjoy my feelings of remoteness from the world, to my heart's content.

I sought in vain through all my recollections for a place to which Stromboli bears the least resemblance; but neither Italian, African, nor Asiatic character be-

longs to it—"none but itself can be its parallel." Its majestic volcano rises to a height of 3000 feet abruptly from the sea, and is only accessible on the northern side, where its base extends itself on an inclined plain down to the shore. By its present inhabitants, as by the Ancients, it is still called "Strongyle," and at a distance it appears of the conical form whence its Greek name is derived. But the regular shape disappears when you come nearer to it. You then perceive that it finishes in two tops of different character, rent asunder and increased in ruggedness, partly by the opening of craters, and partly by the flow of lava from them. Everywhere the effects of never-ceasing fire are visible, constantly heaving up its inexhaustible products, altering, enlarging, and destroying form and shape. Stromboli has three towns or "contradi," as a number of detached dwellings with a church in the midst, are here called. Each house

house stands by itself, without any arrangement of street or row, having a flat roof and being without windows, and consists of but one room. Windows, or a second apartment, constitute a "palazzo," and such was the name by which Signor Costa's was known. None of these primitive houses are without a "Pergola," which consists of four walls of lava, covered by a rush thatch to afford some shade to the inmates, for there are no trees to be seen. Nothing springs from the dark ground of ashes and lava but the prickly bushes of a plant called here "Tossiche," from its poisonous qualities. Outside the Pergola, and a few steps from it, every house has an oven for baking bread, and by its side a granary and a small mill for reducing the corn to meal. The dwellings and their outbuildings are all painted white, and, distributed over the black ground, have a pretty appearance, but surrounded as they are by natural objects of

of such magnitude, they appear of Lilliputian dimensions, and look more like the pieces on a chess-board than the actual dwellings of men.

The Contrada di San Vincenzo is by far the largest. For nearly two centuries the ground on which it stands has been free from the lava streams and from showers of stones and ashes. Generally, the islanders live in the most careless security, and look to the eruptions of the volcano with perfect indifference. They cultivate their little plains, which produce cotton and a delicious kind of wine in abundance, and on the sale of these they live. In 1781, by Dolamieu's account, the island contained 400 or 450 men, hard-working people, with countenances of African cast, and tan-coloured skins, and large bones. The dress of the females consists of a faded gown and short stays. A coarse shirt and a pair of trousers are the whole of the men's costume.

With

With restless activity these people move about all day long. Some were busy on the shore, loading and unloading their own and foreign produce. Some were repairing their vessels or their nets, while, in the contrada, the women were engaged in preparing corn and other articles of food which they import from Calabria. I question whether the blessing of freedom which Garibaldi had bestowed on Sicily, much interested these people, whose ignorance is so great that perhaps few of them had ever heard of him, and still fewer understood what he had done for Italy; and yet I was told that their strange behaviour and inhospitable reception of us at our landing was to be attributed to an idea they entertained that my friend was Garibaldi, and I his daughter. This seems hardly credible, though our landlord told it me himself.

Our appearance, especially amongst the women, caused much wonder; all of them left

left their work, and followed us about, their numbers increasing at every step, till at last their curiosity and boldness became so great, that we were obliged to invoke the authority of Signor Costa, upon which they mounted the roofs of their houses, whence they could observe us without molesting us.

When we got to the shore, we apprized some of the people there of our intention of ascending the mountain on the morrow. Their astonishment was boundless, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, one of the most intelligent of them assured us that we should find it impracticable, inasmuch as the top was 3,000 feet high, and could only be reached by a most fatiguing process of wading through the deep ashes, and climbing over large and rough blocks of lava, and by dangerous passages over chasms and refts, and, lastly, that few, even of the inhabitants of the island, had ever ventured on the undertaking.

Unfortunately,

Unfortunately, this accorded but too well with what Du Pays says in his slight sketch of Stromboli, and I now also heard that it was hopeless to think of procuring any beast of burthen to carry us over the first part of the ascent, as there were but two asses in the island, both of them blind, and fit for nothing but to work the corn-mills, so that I was fearful we might have to abandon this the most interesting part of our visit.

The whole of this afternoon was spent in talking and running about, but, as night came on, the crater afforded us a subject of observation. Every ten or fifteen minutes fiery showers issued from it, of ashes and red-hot stones, some of which fell down again into the abyss from whence they came, and some, taking a more extended range, fell, with a hissing noise, into the sea. Every shower was accompanied by a tremendous burst of flame, which sometimes

times lasted for several minutes, and at others subsided at once. A heavy sound, like the explosion of a distant mine, was heard after the outbreak of stones and flame.

It appears that the eruptions are much more violent in stormy weather than they are in summer and under bright skies, and thus, at the time when the old poets assigned the mountain as the dwelling-place of Æolus, the volcano seemed as a kind of barometer to the inhabitants, who prophecied from the state of its activity which way the wind would blow, and every change of weather, some days before they occurred. Solinus tells us (chap. xii.):—

"Strongyle Æoli domus vergit ad solis exortus, minime angulosa, quæ flammis liquidioribus differt a cæteris: hæc causa hinc efficit, quod ejus fumo potentissimo, incolæ præsentiunt, quinam flatus in triduo portendantur, quo factum uti Æolus rex ventorum crederetur."

Pliny

Pliny and Diodorus write much to the same effect.

The mountain and the fishermen to-day foretold but a poor prospect for us on the morrow, and we now returned to the house of Signor Costa, where my friend's commissariat abilities were displayed to some advantage. The wine casks still occupied nearly half the room, but all the packages of fruit were ranged along the walls, so as to allow space for a small table, on which were placed some wine and bread, and a dish of maccaroni, flanked by two candles stuck into bottles! A couple of small casks served us for seats, and we attacked the potent Malvoisie, the brown bread, and the maccaroni with hearty good will, but not in private, for a number of the people from the shore had followed us home, and were now arranged in picturesque groups round the room. The most notable among them, however, was our host himself. His copper-coloured

coloured countenance, his wide nose, full lips, and short, crisp hair, stamped him of African extraction. With the reputation of being the richest proprietor in the island, he had lately married a native of Lipari, and he was the owner of several "palazzi," vineyards, and of cultivated land. In the chamber in which I slept was a large press full of household linen, and everything in the house was kept with bachelor-like precision, under lock and key. Every request we made for any of this stock, darkened his dark visage still more, and when he thought we were going too far in our demands, he heaved as deep a groan as if we had asked for his soul! At the top of the aforesaid press there stood a small chest, on which a lamp was always burning; and no wonder! for it contained his god—his gold, to increase which was the object of his life. We were told that he never took anything out of it. When he could procure what he required

required without paying money for it, he enjoyed it freely, and when he could not, he went without, and often hungered, notwithstanding his palazzo, his vineyards, his fields, and his gold.

The Captain's spirits rose under the influence of the Vino generoso di Malvasia, and he began to impress on the peasants around us what great benefits they would derive from the emancipation of Italy; how the young men, instead of being fishermen all their lives, might go forth into the world, and return home after some years with the riches and knowledge they would acquire abroad. All this also made Costa's countenance brighter, and, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, he listened to the promises of the Captain's harangue. But when my friend wished to draw a practical effect from his lessons, and asked him to send him as soon as he could a few casks of his delicious wine to Messina, where an agent

agent of his should receive and pay for it, all the Signor's mistrust and prejudice returned, and the thought of parting with his wine casks without having the money told down into his hand first, actually drew tears from his eyes!

The perseverance of the Captain in his endeavours to convince the stolid boors of the advantages he was holding out to them, was highly meritorious, and equally amusing; but I began to tire of it, and left the room to retire into my own. I felt the approach of sleep even under the influence of my friend's oratorical powers, and was on the point of dropping off, when I observed Costa entering the room, and, with a muttered pretence that the light might prevent my rest, he walked away with both lamp and money-box!

I thought at first that my friend would have allowed me to reap all the honours of ascending the mountain, but when he perceived

ceived that I was quite in earnest, he appeared to catch my ardour, and determined to accompany me with so much good will, that he laughed away all difficulties and dangers, and at once set about procuring us some guides, in which, having succeeded, about midday we all commenced our expedition, with four fishermen to conduct it.

Although the clambering over large blocks of lava was no joke to my lusty companion, he endured it manfully during the two hours we occupied in making our way through the vineyards which stretch away across the northern part of the isle. The grape vines are not, as they are on other lands, trailed over trees and poles, or over stone blocks set upright, but they run over a wooden trelliswork raised about a foot above the ground, so that they may enjoy the heat of the ashes beneath, as well as the glow of the sun above.

Thick

Thick bushes of the wild "Tossiche" and other prickly shrubs, which often intruded on our narrow pathway, divided the vines and hedged them in. Here and there a fallen fig tree, or a half-ruined hut, were the only variety offered to our eyes until we had reached the confines of the vineyards, and came to the bare regions of volcanic stones and ashes. From this point, which was about 1,000 feet higher than the sea, we obtained a most interesting view over the north-east part of the island, on which stand the three contradi of San Vincenzo, Pisulta, and San Bartolomeo, whose miniature buildings again reminded me of chess boards and men. Hence we could likewise see the rocky isles of Stromboluzzo, one or two miles from Stromboli. The sea, however, had an unpleasant leaden colour upon it, the coast of Calabria was lost in fog, and the weather predictions of the fishermen seemed about to be accomplished.

Skilful

Skilful guides, such as are to be met with in all countries where there are mountains of renown, and who pride themselves on their skill in conducting travellers with safety and convenience over them, might here have saved us a world of trouble and time. Our guides were not only entirely destitue both of skill and pride, but they seemed to put every obstacle in the way in order to earn their pay without trouble, by frightening us into giving up the expedition. My friend perceived this, and was all the more assiduous in smoothing the difficulties which I found in this very difficult walk. He engaged the service of several stalwart peasants whom we had met, and thus we were now a considerable party. He tried every mode of easing my way. He endeavoured to inspirit the guides by the promise of extra pay. We waded up to our knees through the loose ashes, we put all our energies into the accomplish-

ment of three steps forward and two backward, and became, even to ourselves, such droll objects, that the loud laughter which we could not resist, took away the last remains of our strength.

After hours of endurance we performed our transit over the ashes, but as we began to climb the steep which led up to the crater, our laughter soon changed into sad silence. The wind, bringing with it a thick cloud of ashes, rushed upon us at this great altitude with such force that we were frequently obliged to kneel on the ground with our faces upon it, as travellers over the desert do in a simoom. Even this hardly saved us from being driven by the blast along the slippery lava to a precipice which here sank abruptly down to the sea. Still, nothing daunted my friend's courage or his endeavours to encourage me to proceed. And this I did as long as it was possible, but now that showers of fiery stones were falling

falling round us, and the overpowering vapours of sulphur and alum almost deprived us of breath, I thought we had approached near enough to Æolus' (or rather Pluto's) abode, and I declared that I could not go farther. True, we were but a little way below the summit, but the wind and the approaching storm made it too difficult and too dangerous to attempt more than we had now accomplished.

No sooner was the wind behind us than we felt the grateful change, but still we were so blown about that it appeared as if the angry god was determined to avenge our intrusion on his territory, and hunt us out of his domains. As we descended, we selected another path over a sandy tract which reaches the south coast. This sand, which in the higher regions is fine, black, and dazzling, becomes coarser as you descend lower. It is the same sand which forms the productive soil on which the

fruits of the island luxuriate. We passed several craters, which had been active at no great distance of time, and over chasms into whose depths we looked down, but could see nothing but ashes and dross, such as cover the outside also.

Our guides had left our water-flask behind, and had drunk up our little stock of wine, so that we had nothing to allay the tormenting thirst by which we had long been oppressed. We, therefore, welcomed most heartily the appearance of a spring of pure bright water. This spring, welling out of the volcanic ashes, and at so great a height, is a most remarkable phenomenon. It never fails, and when the cisterns and wells of the town are empty, it is an invaluable resource to the inhabitants. It was our knowledge of the existence of this spring which induced us to come thus far out of our way, for it is not possible to reach the shore by this route. We had now

now, therefore, to make a retrograde movement by a path of sand, over which the women of San Lorenzo come to fill their vessels from the spring. By this means we regained the track which led to the town, though we did not reach it till the shades of night had gathered over our heads. Costa's palazzo was really a palace to us after the fatigues we had undergone. We did not repent our journey, nor did we repent our having given up its full completion; for loud thunder and bright lightning were now added to the rumblings and flashings of the volcano, and a quite tropical rain began to pour down its torrents, and we shuddered to think what would have become of us in such a war of the elements above and below, had we been caught in it, three thousand feet above the spot where we were now safely housed!

CHAPTER VI.

Voyage from Stromboli to Panaria—The islands on the way, and the Isola delle Saline.

TOWARDS morning the storm abated and the sky became clearer, and the departure of a barque for Lipari, the master of which was willing to allow us to land where we pleased, at either of the intermediate islands, determined us to leave Stromboli to-day.

This time we were not poisoned with onions, but there was a very full cargo of raisins and figs and wine, the two former of

of which were so badly packed, that every one might have helped himself, to satisfy his hunger, or spoil his digestion, as the case might be.

Signor Costa was evidently loath to part from such good customers as we were, and having locked up his palace, he followed us on board under the pretext of going to see his wife. We were rather pleased at this than otherwise, for he was really very willing to serve us, and now knew what our requirements were.

There was one other passenger, a young native of Lipari, who had been at Stromboli on business, and was now returning home. His coloured shirt was not very clean, and his faded dress ought to have earned its dismissal long ago by hard service; but the earnestness and interesting pallor of his fine countenance, the elegance of his carriage, and a languor about the eyes, contrasted so completely with the ten

strong

strong marinari around us, that I set him down for a heart-broken lover, or a world-sick traveller.

We asked the Padrone so many more questions than he had time to listen to, much less to answer, that Don Salvatore, the young man I allude to, offered his services in that respect, and gave us a great deal of information with a great deal of good will.

It was a fine day for the observation of nature, and as the Santa Maddalena began to feel the wind, and sped over the rough sea which had not yet forgotten yesternight's storm, we increased rapidly our distance from San Lorenzo, while coasting along the eastern side of the isle.

In the course of the first hour we passed "di Lena," and came in sight of "Punta dell' Uomo," the southernmost point of Stromboli, the poetic character of which was enhanced by a chapel dedicated to the "Mater

"Mater dolorosa." Many a seaman, overtaken by a storm in these treacherous waters, has invoked, in his extremity, her pity and her aid. The chapel stands more than a hundred feet above the shore, and at the verge of a precipitous cliff. Seen from the sea it appears to be unapproachable, and one wonders what fairy hand could have placed it there, and yet freshly plucked flowers and an ever-burning lamp, I was told, stand on its altar.

The inhabitants of Stromboli have hitherto failed in procuring assistance from the government to construct a road to this at present unapproachable quarter of the island, an object the more desirable as there are many fine fig trees there, and land which is capable of cultivation, the produce of which the inhabitants could then avail themselves of. As a protection against the wild rabbits with which the island abounds, the fields are surrounded by chalk-

stone

stone walls, which gives the country a singular appearance.

Towards ten o'clock, Stromboli was so far behind us as again to reassume the conical form by which strangers know it, and we now turned our gaze towards the Archipelago before us, where a world of beautiful islands and peculiarly shaped rocks and reefs met our view. The most *blasé* of tourists might be roused into admiration by such splendid scenery. Right before us presented themselves the little islets of Basiluzzo, Lisca Nera, Lisca Bianca, Dattolo, La Formiche, with many a fantastic rock between them, all under the protection, as it seemed, of Panaria, distinguished by its semicruciform hill, and its well-cultivated plains. In the same direction rose the high conical mountain of the beauteous "Isola delle Saline" (or Salina), and further still in the western haze, faintly glanced the summits of Felicudi and Alicudi, while,

while, to southward, Lipari stretched its length like a continent, with its bays and its promontories, and the lofty Monte San Angelo, and to the left of that Vulcano, and, last of all, Sicily was just distinguishable.

Basiluzzo was the first of the smaller islands we passed. It has a circumference of about two miles, is not inhabited, but is partly cultivated. The form of this island is the most fantastic I have ever seen, and reminded me vividly of certain lead castings which, in our childhood, my brothers and I used to make at our evening fire, from the shapes of which we prophesied all manner of impossibilities—castles and forts, Gothic cathedrals, mosques and minarets; in short, there is hardly anything you may not imagine in the outlines of this lava-covered rock. Lisca Bianca is an islet which takes its name from the bright colour of the lava of which it is composed.

It

It is not inhabited, but there are remains of several dwellings upon it. Lisca Nera is very small, and is distinguished from its sister isle by the dark colour of its surface. Dattolo can scarcely be called an island. It is a mere rock, covered with various kinds of lava, and is interesting to the naturalist as having at its foot, the only part where volcanic action still exists, a spring of boiling water. There was no possibility of landing here, as the rock rises perpendicularly out of the sea, but by skilful steering, the Padrone brought his vessel so near as almost to touch it. I put my hand into the bubbling water, but I drew it back very quickly. The rolling sea waves are not sufficient to cool it down to a bearable degree, and we heard the noise of its seething and bubbling for some time after we had passed it.

We passed the "Formiche" on our left, and

and sailed over to Panaria, where we anchored in its natural harbour, and here we again placed foot on shore.

Don Bartolomeo, our Padrone, a very sensible, and, for his position in life, a well informed man, was not a little proud of the "Scherzi della natura" of his native Archipelago, and flattered by the interest I took in the voyage, himself advised our landing on this island. He wished moreover that we should convince ourselves of the truth of the traditional idea, that Panaria, Basiluzzo, Lisca Bianca, Lisca Nera, Dattolo, and La Formiche were formerly joined together, and formed one crater, the last remains of which we had just seen at Dattolo, in its boiling spring.

Without pretending to any scientific knowledge of this kind, this theory seemed to me extremely probable, and I had great satisfaction in afterwards finding in the work of Dolomieu, to which I have before alluded,

alluded,* that that intelligent naturalist had written to the same effect eighty years before. He says,

"I have no doubt of the former existence of a crater which joined Basiluzzo, Lisca Nera, Lisca Bianca, Dattolo, and La Formiche with Panaria. It must have had a considerable circumference, and a diameter of about six miles, and indeed its great extent may have been the cause of its destruction, inasmuch as it walls may not have been of sufficient strength to withstand the tremendous power of that stormy sea, whose unceasing breakers, working, perhaps, on some weaker parts, may have beaten them in, and overflowed them so as to have separated the original island into the number of smaller ones which now exist. This theory would also clear a point which has long presented difficulties to geographers and historians, namely, that

* Voyage aux Isles de Lipari.

the

the most exact of the ancient writers always speak of these islands as consisting of seven, whereas there are now certainly twelve, and there being no work which gives any account of the appearance of any new islands, their unknown origin has given cause for much difference of opinion among modern authors, into whose heads the idea seems never to have entered that the islands which they collectively call 'Euonimos,' were but parts of the original 'Euonimos.' They have generally supposed that the additional islands were thrown up by some submarine convulsions in comparatively later times, similar convulsions and effects having been known to have occurred in Italy and Sicily. The division of the great crater may have taken place during some storm of more than usual intensity, and as the island was not inhabited, and seldom visited, the increase of number would be known but to some few

few ignorant sailors, and thus remained for a long time unrecorded. For this reason it is impossible to assign any date to the occurrence. Eustathius and Ptolomeus are the first who mention the islands of Hichesta (Panaria) and Heracleotes (Basiluzzo) in addition to the seven which all ancient writers name. All recollection of the origin of these additional isles must have been lost in the year 138 of our era, and the occurrence probably took place in the first century."*

I think that no one who has ever trod the soil of Panaria, and attentively marked the formation of the island, can doubt for a moment that it must once have been part

* "The sea which has taken the place of the former crater, and now divides the islands which once formed parts of the same, is frequently disturbed by certain ebullitions which are caused by escapes of gas, thus proving that volcanic action is still going forward below. At times these ebullitions are very considerable, at others much less so, and only indicated by the bursting of air bubbles on the surface of the water."—*Note by Dolomieu.*

of

of a vast crater. It is on the whole more flat than the others, and has, on the south-eastern side, a hill of semicrucial form, which protects it from the sea, and affords to the more inland part a strong, cliff-like wall. This half cross encloses a small, well-cultivated plain, on which the dwellings of the 400 inhabitants lie distributed amidst vines and cotton plants, and vegetable gardens. A small bay in the centre of this wall affords a kind of natural harbour, though it does not give great protection to the craft which are anchored there. Panaria has a circumference of about eight miles, and its soil is composed entirely of ashes, dross, and lava.

The more solid kinds of lava, almost all of them, have granite as their chief part, which, although often much altered by fire, is always recognizable. In some kinds, the quartz and feldspar are fused into one another, and the mica unconsumed, while in

others the mica has undergone change and the rest of the conglomerate mass is very like porcelain paste. I have also found granite in its normal condition, and some only a little changed by volcanic action, and I only wish I could have devoted more time, and brought more geological experience to the investigation of this interesting island.

The day was now so far spent, and the weather so threatening, that we did not dare to venture on a long exploration, and after two hours' exertion in walking over the plains, and through the uncultivated part of the country, we got back to the vessel, where Don Salvatore and the crew were impatiently expecting us.

We were scarcely on board when the last bit of blue disappeared behind the clouds, which had gathered from two opposite quarters as if they were about to engage in a regular contest, and the storm began

began in earnest. With a rapidity of succession which even astonished the well-travelled Captain, flash followed flash of bright lightning, and a tropical rain fell round us in a perfect whirlwind.

Our Santa Maddalena, however, was a tight craft and not overloaded, and we had an experienced crew to whom such weather was nothing strange, and after about an hour it was all over. The clouds divided, the blue sky reappeared, and the sun shone out again. But while the storm lasted it became impossible to keep on our course to Lipari. The south wind had driven us considerably out of the right direction, and to make Lipari with a wind so adverse, we should have had to tack about all night. We therefore resolved to steer for the first landing-place on the Isola delle Saline, which was a small fishing village, called Santa Maria, and we reached it about an hour after sunset.

To this alteration in our plan we were indebted for a comfortable night's rest, and for a stroll next day over this picturesque island, decidedly the most beautiful and, after Lipari, the largest of the group, having a circumference of about sixteen miles, and containing nearly 5,000 inhabitants, who are located in four towns, of which Amalfa on the north, and Cappella on the south, are the principal. Lying, however, somewhat out of the line from Stromboli to Lipari or Sicily, Salina is very little visited, and, notwithstanding its large population, offers very poor accommodation for travellers.

A gray-headed fisherman and his wife willingly afforded us the use of their humble abode. They were both so deaf that I was obliged to have recourse to pantomime to make them understand our requirements, the chief of which were bed-linen and water, and after having satisfied my hunger

hunger and thirst with brown bread and a glass of wine, I enjoyed a sound sleep on the hard but clean bed of Madre Agnese.

The following morning early, the Captain knocked at my door with the intelligence that we must get on board as soon as possible, as the Padrone wished to avail himself of the fair wind to sail at once to Lipari. I hurried over my toilet, and sent the Captain to try if he could not persuade the Padrone to allow me time to ascend one of the heights, in which he succeeded, having agreed with him that the barque should go round to Amalfa, and that we should embark there, which saved us the necessity of going over the same ground twice.

With a light foot, and spirits unimpaired by any luxurious supper or heavy breakfast, we started on our trip in company with the two sons of our old fisherman host. Seldom, I suppose, had a tourist trod upon

upon the ground on which we were now walking, and our guides could not imagine what motive we could have, but when I told them of our wish to ascend to the highest point on the island, they were both startled and embarrassed.

There are three mountains in Salina, forming by their position the three corners of a triangle. Two of them meet at their bases, while the third stands quite alone, divided from the others by a valley which runs all across the island, so that at some distance, when at sea, Salina appears to be two islands. This originated its ancient name of "Didyma."* Its present name is derived from certain salt mines on its southern coast, which, though small, produce a sufficient supply for home use. The isolated mountain is called "Malaspina." Its form is a cone. Its height is said to exceed a

* "A forma Didymam id est Gemellam vocarunt." —*Strabo.*

mile

mile, and although its point appears to be unbroken, the guides assured us that the crater of an extinct volcano is still apparent. Its ascent is so steep that we entertained no idea of mounting it. The other two, Monte del Capo and Monte della Fossa di Felce, divide themselves at about one-third of their height, and then each takes a conical form. The latter, although higher than its twin brother, was said to be the easiest of ascent, and therefore we chose it.

For about one-third part of its height, as at Stromboli, we walked through vines which cover the base of both, but when we had reached their extremity we had to make our way over ground that was thickly covered with broom and underwood, and we then began to find that our task was more difficult than we had expected, and we had sometimes to grasp the bushes and drag ourselves up, in order to facilitate our progress, and by this and other means

means we at last accomplished our undertaking.

On the summit we saw evident remains of a crater. A circular hole of thirty feet deep and about 400 in circumference, was surrounded by a bank or wall, and the whole of the cavity was richly adorned by a beautiful growth of ferns, which gives the mountain its name of Fossa di Felce.

The day was not sufficiently clear to see the prospect to its fullest extent, but still we saw enough to convince us that it must be one of the finest the Mediterranean affords. I cannot say what is the height of this mountain, having nothing to guide me but the time it took us to reach the top, but even if it be not quite what our two fishermen asserted it to be, namely, one-third higher than that of Lipari, still it must be one of the loftiest in this Archipelago.

Having to meet our vessel at Amalfa, we of course went down by the opposite side

to

to that which we had ascended, and this, though not overgrown with bushes, is so thickly covered with large, sharp lava-stones, as to be more unpleasant to walk through. By this route we reached a small church standing about the centre of the valley already alluded to. In some parts this valley is 1,000 or 1,500 feet broad. Here cultivation is rewarded by Nature's most lavish productiveness. Small houses stand here and there, surrounded by gardens; the vines are carefully trained, and little plantations of trees afford a grateful shade. This smiling picture reminded me vividly of the plains at the foot of Ætna.

The level of this valley has been considerably elevated by the streams of lava which have flowed from the mountains, and it now falls off rather abruptly towards Amalfa, and by a succession of step-like gradations to the sea. This descent is covered with a very hard kind of grain-like lava

lava of red and black, with white spots. When in large blocks, the lava resembles porphyry very closely, and I should think might be as easily smoothed and polished.

It is a peculiarity in this island, that wherever its steepness precludes cultivation, a thick underwood covers the ground. To the inhabitants this is a twofold advantage; it protects the vines and other plantations from the force of the mountain torrents, and affords a plentiful supply of wood. They are therefore very particular in the preservation of this bush growth. About eighty years ago some of it caught fire, and the flames spread with such rapidity that they threatened to cover the whole base of the mountain. The islanders were greatly alarmed, and set themselves as strenuously to work to stop the progress of the fire, as if it were one of their most valued possessions which was in danger of annihilation.

Prosperity

Prosperity and contentment reign undisturbed among these simple folk, who are greatly attached to their beautiful home. They grow no corn, but import what they require in exchange for their raisins and currants. They have no harbours, but there are several places where barques can lie in safety long enough for their small trade. In happy freedom from cares, they live on the produce of their industry, feeling secure from any eruption of their mountains after the ages that have passed since any can have taken place.

Dolomieu says,

"I know of no writer, historian, geographer, or poet, who mentions an eruption on Salina. Even tradition itself is silent, and the time of the last must be very remote. You find here none of that porous lava, or those light, spungy stones, which denote recent eruption, and these volcanoes must therefore have been in activity at some

[illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

From Amalfa to Lipari—Household arrangements at Lipari—Don Salvatore—Lipari—The "Cassa" of San Bartolomeo—The murder of the Syndic—Costa's reading—Visit to Sant' Annunziata—Donna Camela.

"Hinc deinde ad Cyclopas transiit, eosque reperit in Insula Lipara (Lipara nunc, sed tum erat nomen ei Meligunis)."—CALYMACHUS, *Hymn in Diana.*

THE voyage from Amalfa to Lipari was a great relief after the fatigue of our ascent of Monte della Fossa di Felce, and our long walk through Salina. The passive travelling of a sea voyage was as grateful to our tired limbs as was the humble food of our dinner to our hungry

hungry stomachs. The last crumb of the stale brown bread was devoured with appetite, the last drop of Malvoisie drained out of the earthen jar, and figs and raisins made up for the deficiency of more substantial viands. Although only a narrow channel of two or three miles divides Salina and Lipari at one particular point, we had rather a longer sail before us, seeing that Amalfa is situated at the most northern extremity of the former, and the town of Lipari is on the south-eastern coast of the latter.

After coasting along Salina as far as Punta Apullara, we struck off across the strait (here about four miles broad), and steered direct to Capo Castagna, which, thanks to a favouring breeze, we reached in time to finish our voyage while daylight lasted.

Lipari, the largest of the Æolian isles, is twenty miles in circumference, and both

in

in form and surface is very irregular. Hills and mountains rise to view in every part, some of them joined at the base, and others quite isolated. Even from the sea I could perceive the deep fissures by which the island is marked, and which have been caused partly by mountain torrents and partly by volcanic separations, for almost everywhere remains of craters are distinguishable, and the west coast, as Don Bartolomeo told me, is rougher and more steep than this. The variety in the colours of the mountains gives the landscape a very peculiar appearance. Some of them are black, and of volcanic origin; others as white as chalk cliffs, but covered in parts with a thick growth of bushes.

The first point we neared was Punta Sparanella, and then Capo Monte Rosso, well named, truly, for its rocks and its earth are both of one dark red hue. After we had passed this point, on which is an image

image of the "Madonna immaculata," the bay in which Lipari stands opened to our sight. The Metropolis of all the isles, which is the residence of a bishop and a governor, looks very attractive from a distance. It is built partly on a high rocky hill, rising near the sea, and crowned with an old castle. Protected more by situation than by art, this old citadel may have been of use in defending the town from the incursions of the Barbary pirates. Vine-clad hills, plains on which are scattered dwellings and gardens, plants of the aloe and Indian fig, convents and roads shaded by trees, form a pretty background to the ill-built town, but still the picture wants that *piquante* interest, which so often at once seizes on the sympathies of the spectator of an unknown scene. The thought also that we were now to be confounded with a population of 12,000 souls, we, who had been enjoying the solitary feeling of such a spot

spot as Stromboli, the stillness of Panaria, and the natural beauties of the seldom-visited Salina, did not much predispose us to welcome the Robber's-nest we were approaching.

The bay affords very little protection to ships, being exposed to the north-east and south-east winds. Not far from Capo Rosso is a group of buildings named La Pignatara, before which the larger vessels lie in a kind of roadstead. On both sides of the hill on which the town is partly built, the shore forms two natural landing-places for small craft. San Nicolo, the larger of these, is on the right side, and San Giovanni, the smaller, on the left. It was here that, pulled and pushed about, and gazed at by the dirty inhabitants, we landed.

Although the question, where we were to be housed, had been the subject of much debating between Don Bartolomeo, Don

Salvatore, and Signor Costa, during our voyage, our fate was still wrapped in obscurity and doubt. "If my wife has not taken the key of my house with her into the country," said Costa, "you will find it quite convenient for you. Meantime, let Don Salvatore take you to his father's, where you can also remain, if I do not find my key."

Followed by a noisy mob, fighting for the privilege of carrying our luggage, we walked up the steep main street until we reached the dwelling of Don Salvatore, at its farther end. His father, the sleek owner of a coffee-house, rather demurred at receiving us, the only room he had to offer us serving as a place of meeting and smoking, coffee, liqueur, and sherbet drinking, for all the "Elegants" of Lipari. At Salina, where we were only to sleep one night, it mattered little where we lodged, but as we proposed to remain here some days, as our head

head quarters, making sundry excursions thence, I began to be perplexed, particularly as old Salvatore told us there was not a single inn in the place, and that Signor Costa was the only person who could possibly accommodate us. Fortunately, however, at this moment, the Crœsus of Stromboli came up, panting for breath, and holding up the magic key which was to dispel all our doubts. "Now you shall see what a fine place I shall lodge you in," said he, as he conducted us through a labyrinth of little dirty lanes, and at last into a street so narrow and so muddy, that I thought myself in Tunis again. "In heaven's name, do you think we have the plague, and must go into quarantine," cried the Captain, when he saw the steep steps we had to mount in order to effect an entrance into our much-lauded dwelling. "These rooms are as bare of furniture as the chamber in fort Emanuel at Malta, where they put the

travellers who have the misfortune to land there from Alexandria."

"Oh! that's easily remedied," said our host, as he thrust his head out of the balcony, and shouted to the neighbours to bring in some furniture for the foreign "Signorini." A very amusing scene now followed. Gain-seeking men and women and half-naked children appeared at every window, one exhibiting a table, another a couple of chairs, a third a primitive sort of bedstead, and a fourth a water-jug. Then ensued a sharp debate as to the shameless demands they made for the hire of these valuables, and they would let nothing out of their hands before I had paid for each a perfectly ridiculous price, and this battle I had to fight alone, for the Captain was out foraging for fuel and bread, wine and maccaroni, and whatever else he could meet with. It was not long before he came back with his booty, and applied himself

himself at once to the preparation of our supper.

As to Costa, he was anxious only to be off to his wife in the country, and he shut up his house door upon us, and left us to our fate. My friend withdrew to a little recess in one of the rooms, where, in a tragical monologue, he grumbled over the fatigues of the day, while I was in an empty chamber adjoining, lighted by a dimly-burning lamp, endeavouring to put the luggage and the miscellaneous collection of furniture into something like order.

* * * *

In the gray of the following morning came back Signor Costa, evidently having been troubled with thoughts of our having escaped out of the window, or called in some neighbour to our assistance. His long hawk's nose seemed still longer, and his soulless eyes to start further than usual from

from their sockets, as he, backed by two sisters whom he brought with him, began to offer his and their services.

The appearance of Don Salvatore was a much more welcome sight, though so different was his dress that at first I scarcely recognised him. His coloured shirt was changed for one of linen which glistened with whiteness, and his faded outer garments had given place to newer and more tasteful apparel, while he had mounted an elegant Calabrian hat instead of his old cap, and its broad brim was particularly becoming to his pale and thoughtful countenance.

"The weather," said he, "is so threatening, that I could not venture to recommend a long excursion, for if the wind goes down it will certainly rain. However, we may at all events risk a walk through the town and up to the old castle, and I came to offer you my guidance."

Nothing

Nothing could be more welcome than this proposal, and having impressed upon Costa the necessity of keeping a watchful eye upon our goods and chattels, as well as upon our *pot au feu*, we followed our obliging cicerone.

Lipari appeared to me, on that stormy October morning, more ugly than it did the evening before. The streets are paved with small round black pebbles; the low, one-storied houses, though originally whitened, have become, through age or weather, nearly black; the surrounding hills of which you get a glimpse here and there, make a shapeless and colourless background; so that if I call this Æolian capital gray, monotonous, and characterless, nothing else need be said about it.

We first visited the castle, the entrance to which is at the end of the street in which Don Salvatore lives, and at the extremity of the town. In times past the whole population

population lived within the three walls which, with the sea on the fourth side, enclosed the town, but the fear of the pirates, and the increase of the population, rendered necessary an extension without the walls.

The annals of this old town might doubtless have supplied history with much that would be of interest, but there is not a trace or a tradition of anything of the kind. I sought and asked for information in vain. All that I could hear was, that in the first half of the sixteenth century a noted corsair devastated the place, and carried away a large part of its inhabitants to slavery—that Charles V. afterwards rebuilt it, and that it was greatly injured by earthquake in 1783. The comparison may be a lame one, but the old castle, with its half Moorish fortifications, reminded me, in spite of its smaller dimensions, of the "Barbo" at Tunis. The similarity

similarity may possibly consist in this, that each contains a small world of its own. Here lives the governor, his household, and about sixty soldiers from Messina. The old castle presents very little else worth recounting. Neither the fresh leaf of the more ephemeral creepers, nor the dark green of the perennial ivy, adorn its weather-beaten walls. A small plant, which grows out of the centuries-old mortar, is all of life that they present to view.

The churches, however, play a more important part. Don Salvatore conducted us over no less than four, of which that dedicated to the patron saint of the town, San Bartolomeo, is the principal. From the higher ground you have a map-like view which is interesting. Towards the east the eye wanders over the bay, formed by Cape Monte Rosso, and Cape Capestello, while to the west you look on the town, with its bishop's palace, hospital, college,

college, and other buildings, the whole being of no mean extent. The wind had increased so much by this time that we determined to return again to the town.

I knew from the works of Diodorus and others, that the baths of Lipari had been held in high esteem by the ancients, and as late as the beginning of the present century a beautiful Mosaic-paved bath was said to have been discovered, near to a temple of Diana, which was mentioned by Polybius, and I therefore asked Don Salvatore if he would show us these remains.

"Willingly," said he; "they both stand between the seminary and the bishop's palace, and are not far from hence. I must, however, tell you that no strangers have been allowed admittance since the late bishop, Todoso, shut them up because such visitors annoyed him."

Hoping that some obliging custodian might make an exception in our favour, I persisted

persisted in going, and the matter ended in twofold disappointment. Don Salvatore stopped before an iron gate, through which we saw a vineyard and a rather good-looking house. "That is all I can show you," said he; "it is said there is a golden statue of the goddess buried there, and several other works of art; but the bishop lays more store by his vines, than by any antiquarian researches, and will not allow a spadeful of the earth to be removed."

We had now exhausted the sights of Lipari, and could do nothing but return to our lodging, particularly as the "aqua del cielo," as the Liparians poetically call the rain, began to descend upon us; but in spite of the rain, Don Salvatore stopped here and there to exchange some rather mysterious whispers with many whom he met. At last he stood still before a house in the high street, which appeared to have lately been damaged by shots, and it became

came clear to me that something had happened to cause much anxiety among the people. In answer to my inquiry, Don Salvatore replied that the house in question had belonged to the late Syndic, who having raised suspicion of having embezzled the public money, had been put to death by the people a few days before.

At this moment, Signor Costa, who troubled himself with no kind of politics, came out to tell us that our dinner waited for us. We therefore invited Don Salvatore to partake of it, and I endeavoured to improve it by providing the gentlemen with a good cup of coffee and a cigar at its conclusion, and then entreated him to give me some particulars of the strange act he had alluded to.

"In order that you may not too hastily condemn my countrymen," said he, "who, though revengeful and superstitious, are by no means wanting in morals, I must first

first make you acquainted with the origin and purpose of our so called 'Cassa di San Bartolomeo.'

"Many many years ago, Lipari suffered from a great famine. The distress it caused had reached such a height that the poor people knew not what to do for food, when, one fine morning, they saw a large ship, laden with corn, sail into the bay. They hurried to the beach rejoicing, to help to unload the heaven-sent vessel, and put an end to their misery. The concourse of buyers was of course very great, and the captain of the ship told them they might take their corn now, and arrange the payment on the morrow. You may guess, then, their surprise when, next day, it was found that the ship had left the bay during the night! Of course this could only be the work of their Patron, San Bartolomeo, particularly as it was now remarked that the ship, the master, and all the

the crew, had borne the name of Bartolomeo.

"On this unclaimed money was founded the 'Cassa di San Bartolomeo,' and its custody was given to the Syndic for the time being, and it was decided that its object should be to relieve any future distress of the same nature.

"Such a time arrived, and the people asked the help of the fund, but they applied in vain; and as all after applications always received the same answer, and the last Syndic (a creature of Francis II.) having lately told them that 'all the money was gone,' without condescending to any explanation, the people became bitterly enraged. Country people and townsmen all armed themselves and joined in an attack on the house of the Syndic, in order to obtain possession of the 'Cassa' entrusted to him, and revenge themselves on the false and dishonourable trustee.

"It

"It soon appeared, however, that the house was garrisoned by thirty well-armed adherents of his, and not content with ordering them to fire on the assailants, he himself fired the first shot. Every moment increased the rage of the people, and at last, when the Syndic, by a well-aimed shot, had killed one of the most respected of the citizens, his fate was sealed. He tried to escape by leaping from a window, but the crowd caught hold of him, and he was literally torn to pieces.

"Short as was this struggle, considerable damage was done, and several deaths occured, but as the 'Cassa' was found, and 7,000 uncia in it, the damage was easily compensated; but we shall not so easily forget the loss of our friends and relations.

"The Syndic was a man of about thirty-eight years old, and had filled the post only eleven months. His attachment to the

the Bourbons made him hateful to most of us. He was the last of his family, which is a good thing for Lipari, for that family has for hundreds of years caused much misery and wrong to the Islanders. Thrice have his ancestors delivered the town to the plunder of the pirates, and I have often heard my father relate that Policastro, the grandfather of the lately slain Syndic, had (to serve private ends of his own) secretly conveyed to the pirates the keys of the citadel, in which the frightened inhabitants had ensconced themselves, and thus perfidiously betrayed them.

"And now," added Don Salvatore, after a pause, and taking from his pocket-book a paper, "allow me to ask you to place this document before the Dictator. It is a certificate from our Governor, that I, and two young men of Lipari, did, at the request of many of the citizens, on the

17th

17th March last, unfurl the tri-coloured banner on the strand of San Giovanni, and place it in the hand of the statue of our patron saint which stands there, in the hope that it would be respected under his care. Although this was not the case, for Sicily was then still under the dominion of the Bourbons, it has at least shown that our little community has declared for the unity of Italy, and I am anxious that the Dictator should know this."

Of course I engaged to do it if I had the opportunity, and as it was now late, he took leave of us with the promise to call in the morning and take us an extended tour about the Island.

The rain poured down with so much violence, that Signor Costa had no inclination to go to his country villa, and decided on bestowing his tediousness on me; and this became so wearysome and annoying, that I gave him several hints on the pro-

priety of going to bed, and of leaving
to myself, but in spite of all this, he
sisted in his tireless questions, and m
ing all sorts of absurd requests for
interest with Garibaldi, so that at la
neither I nor Vecchi nor Guerzoni
He then took up one of my newspap
and pretended to be deeply engaged
I was at once however, aware
was as if he were reading it in
spirit.

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as the singers of the Pope's chapel at Rome, who are never admitted unless they can read music forward and backwards, and right and wrong side upwards."

Whether he took this as a compliment, or whether he was ashamed of his ignorance being discovered, I cannot say, but he at once walked off, and left me to my meditations, and then to my rest.

* * * *

The Island of Lipari is the great magazine from which almost all the pumice-stone consumed in Europe is derived, and, notwithstanding the great quantity exported, the stock seems exhaustless. Some of the hills are entirely formed of it. It is found in pieces of various sizes, mixed with a white mealy ash. Large pits have been opened at the foot of the mountains, and in the valleys between them, and the

whole island seems to be chiefly formed of this singular substance.*

It is remarkable that the Isles of Lipari and Stromboli are the only European volcanoes which produce pumice-stone in any large quantity. Ætna produces none, and Vesuvius only in small pieces, and in the extinct volcanoes of Sicily, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, none is to be met with.

The "Cratere della Castagna" on the northern end of the island is the most interesting of these pumice-stone mountains. Being entirely covered with it and with white ash, we fancied, on our first arrival, that it was a dazzling white chalk rock, and its contrast was great with its neighbour, Monte Sant' Angelo, the highest in Lipari, and having a crater of the extraordinary diameter of 250 feet.

* The reader may find in Dolomieu's work a very lucid and scientific account of this substance.—*Note by the Author.*

Another

Another sight of much interest are the mineral springs, which steam out of Monte Calogero, on the west coast, directly opposite to Salina.

The ancients made use of these springs, and they could no doubt still be made of extensive benefit if there were but moderate accommodation for strangers. Everything, however, in this almost unknown isle is so poverty stricken, that these healing waters are used only by a few Calabrian boors and Sicilian soldiers.

"The use of the two hottest of the steam grottoes," says Dolomieu, "has been given up as being dangerous to life, and it requires some courage to enter those of a more moderate temperature. I should certainly have been suffocated had I not thrown myself with my face to the ground, and yet I remarked with surprise that the thermometer did not rise above 46°, a temperature which the human body can very easily

easily bear. The sensation I experienced was therefore solely attributable to the gases with which the steam was impregnated.

"The baths lie about a mile from the steam grottoes, in a valley not far from the sea. The water bubbles up at the foot of the mountains, and is received in cisterns, and thence conveyed into the baths. It is quite boiling, and must be cooled many hours before it can be used."

As we could hardly have accomplished the tour to the pumice-stone mountains, the baths, and the steam grottoes, on foot, and there are neither horses nor mules here, Don Salvatore had bespoken some asses.

We had risen at daybreak, and had already waited two hours, when he came in to say that we must put off our tour to another day, as the proprietor of these animals, owing to the state of the weather last night, had not run the risk of sending them

them down. I told him that we could not postpone it having no other day to spare, since I had planned to go to Vulcano on the morrow, and to Milazzo the following day, in order to reach Messina in time for the steamer for Naples, so that we must undertake the visit to the pumice mountains on foot, at the risk of not being able to do more.

The Captain quite coincided with me, and, in company with Don Salvatore and two other young Liparians, we took the road to the church of "Sant 'Annunziata," which lies about half way to "Quatro Pani."

We soon got over the sandy road which crosses the immediate vicinity of Lipari, and now reached a steep hollow way, in which we encountered many peasants well mounted on asses, but they all refused our offers to hire them for the day. Fatiguing as the road was, I did pretty well with the assistance

assistance of Don Salvatore's arm, and indeed we quickly outstepped the rest of the party. The rock-bound road soon ended, and we came out upon a smooth green valley surrounded by mountains.

"Do you see, among yonder dark foliage, a large house with balconies and vine-encircled columns?" said my young companion, after a long silence, and as if awakening from a dream. "Ebbene quest' e la villa d'una mia innamorata," he softly sighed out.

"A most romantic spot," said I, not knowing exactly what to say. "Peace and contentment breathe around it, and it seems made for happy enjoyment."

"Ah, if you but knew how lovely, and how jealous Donna Carmela is! She is fair as the fairest of English women, fresh as the opening rosebud, and formed like a Venus! She sings and plays the piano with great talent, and she loves me so devotedly, that

that to become mine she would risk any sacrifice."

"Then of course you will soon be married?"

"Alas, no! Carmela's father would consent, but the dower he has to give his daughter does not satisfy mine, who says my wife must bring me at least 1,200 ducats, and Carmela has but nine."

"And so, for the sake of 300 ducats, your happiness is to be prevented," said I, in surprise; "if that be the case, and if I were in your place, I would immediately go abroad and endeavour to earn the 300 ducats, bring them to my father, and claim Carmela as my own."

"I fear," replied he, "I am not so firm in my affections as Carmela is, and that were I not to see her I should forget her. My father sent me to Naples to try to get this love out of my head, and I had not been there a month when I fell in love

love with a young actress, who cost me so much money that, when he heard of it, he sent for me home again; and no sooner was I at home again, than my love for Carmela returned."

"Did she know of your falsehood towards her?"

"Yes; and when it came to her ears her jealousy was terrible, and made her quite ill, but when she saw me again all was forgiven and forgotten."

Although I must confess that the naive simplicity with which the poor youth confided to me his light behaviour was very amusing, yet it quite destroyed all my dream that he was the victim of an ill-placed attachment, and my sympathy with him was greatly diminished when I found that it was Carmela, and not he, who was the unrequited lover whom I ought to have been pitying.

"I suppose," said I, "you had admission into

into her house, and frequent opportunities of seeing her?"

"Not at all," he replied, "and we can only meet in secret and by night."

"But surely there are balls or conversazzioni where you might often meet."

"There are such, and before she had completed her twelfth year I often met her in that way; but since we have been lovers, she dares no longer appear at them. She is of such extreme beauty that I cannot consent that she should be exposed to other men's eyes before she is my wife."

"Then," said I, with something like anger, "you are a prodigy of tyranny and injustice. You enjoy every pleasure which a young man can have; you are untrue to her, while you are sure of her unchanging love for you, and yet you will not allow her the least participation in the most harmless amusements! Do her parents consent to this?"

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"On the contrary. Carmela is often obliged to feign sickness to avoid going out with them, and thus often incurs their anger; but she braves all this in consideration that it is my will she should remain at home."

This youth's relation of his love affairs with Donna Carmela interested me as a study of character and manners, and for that reason I have given our conversation in full, from which the reader will see that the young women of Lipari are considered marriageable at twelve years of age, and that they submit to a slavery which is something like that of the Eastern women. It now became clear to me why I had never seen any young women in the streets, and why my inquiries on the subject had always been answered by the information that they only go out when they have to attend mass on Sundays or holidays.

By this time the sky had become covered with

with clouds, and large drops began to fall, and it was therefore with pleasure that I discerned a little cottage where we might obtain shelter, and await the arrival of the Captain and his companions.

We found the hut full of peasants and country people, who all greeted Don Salvatore as an old friend. The owner also welcomed us heartily, and offered us wine and fruit. Soon afterwards the rain moderated, and, hoping that it was but an autumn shower, we proceeded on our way.

"That little house," said Don Salvatore, "belongs to Carmela's father, and she will soon hear that I have there." Our path becoming more difficult, I could not keep up a conversation and attend to the safety of my steps at the same time. Disasters seemed fated to attend our walk, and we had scarcely reached the church before the rain came down again, and looked as if it would continue for hours.

The

The "Exvotas" which (as Don Salvatore called it) "adorned" the walls of this church, were of the most disgusting description. No sooner had I turned away my eyes from one horrid image of disease, than they fell on another still more sickening. I could not remain there, and we therefore began to plod our way back to Lipari, through rain and through mud, to the irreparable damage of our clothes.

Arrived at our lodgings, we had but just changed our dripping garments for dry ones, when the captain of the mail boat, which weekly conveys letters from Lipari to Milazzo, entered our room to ask if we intended going thither the next day. I told him that in such weather we could not say for certain what we should do, and that we had seen too little of this island to think of leaving it so soon, particularly as we wished to visit Vulcano.

"I will guarantee the weather," replied the

the seaman. "At midnight it will hold up, and we shall have a fine day to-morrow, and a fair wind too. As to Vulcano, you will have plenty of time to go there before I sail. If you start at sunrise you may go over to Vulcano, ascend the crater, and be back here by one o'clock, and I do not sail till three. At any rate I will wait for you."

Maestro Peppo had an honest face, and we placed confidence in it. We made a bargain with him for our passage to Milazzo, and gave him orders to engage us a proper boat to take us to Vulcano, and to be in readiness for us at daybreak next morning.

Vulcano must therefore compensate us for what we had missed seeing here, but before taking leave of Lipari, I may still give some few particulars of its natural history, which I have gleaned from ancient authors, from information, and from the work of Dolomieu.

That

That excellent writer says,

"It is impossible to fix the period when its volcanic fires became extinct, or rather ceased activity, for it is plain they must be burning still in some degree beneath the boiling springs and the steam grottoes, and therefore it is quite possible that they need but some chance excitement to break out afresh. The chronicles of the church tell us that the holy Calogero, the protector of the island, drove the evil spirits who lived in the mountain called the 'Blackstone,' from their abode, and that the eruptions ceased from that moment, but that they thence fled to the steam grottoes, where some explosions then began. However, he succeeded in driving them hence also, and obliged them to seek refuge in Vulcano, where they now keep up a continual fire. San Calogero appears to have lived in the sixteenth century, in the time of Theodoric, king of Italy, and if the chronicles

nicles in question are only grounded on truth, we may suppose that Lipari began to be free from eruptions about that time."

As some confirmation of this, it may be stated that all writers who have spoken of this island previous to the sixteenth century, talk of its volcano being in full activity, while all who have written about it since that time, speak of it as long since extinguished.*

* "In Lipara conspicuum ignem aiunt, atque lucentem, non interdiu, sed noctu tantum ardere."—ARISTOTELES *de Admirandis.*

"Sed quos amor excitat ignes

"Vulcani flammis Liparensibus acrius ardent."—THEOCRITUS, *Idyl. II.*

"Nam Lipare, vastis subter depasta caminis,

"Sulphureum vomit exeso de vertice fumum."—SILIUS ITAL: liber 14.

Among modern authors, Fazellus says of Lipari,

"Insula hæc ignem ex pluribus crateribus olim evomebat, cujus ora et vestigia adhuc cernuntur."

Bottoni, in his 3rd book *de Pyrologia*, says of Lipari,

"Superiori sæculo extincti prorsus fuere ignes, sive absumpta omni sulphurea materia, sive alia de causa: eorum tamen vestigia adhuc cernuntur."

And lastly, Damico, in his *Lexicon Siculum*, article Lipari,

Although Lipari, then, has been free from any eruptions for some centuries, and its subterranean fires now only serve to give relief to the sick and suffering, the island is still subject to violent shocks of earthquake, and it is observed that they usually cease when the eruptions at Vulcano begin.

The population is 16,360, three-fourths of whom live in the towns and the rest are dispersed over the island in villages or in single houses. Formerly they prepared a large quantity of alum. Diodorus mentions that they gained large profits by it, and that the Romans raised a considerable revenue upon its importation. This branch of industry, however, is now given up entirely, and they confine themselves to the culture of the vine, and the operations of farming. Their Malvoisie wine, so de-

"Ignis porro expirationes quoque in ea quondam fuisse, Plinius, Strabo, Aristoteles, Siliusque testantur, cujus vestigia adhuc præstant, etsi hodie eruptio nulla: a multis abhinc sæculis nil tale visum scimus."

servedly

servedly esteemed, is exported in large quantities, and their raisins and currants are not inferior to those of Greece.

In the army of the late king of Naples, his Liparian corps was among the best. The Liparians keep up their old fame for early marriages, and I suppose some of the flames of the extinct crater must have taken refuge in the breasts of the young people, as witness the story of the passionate love of Donna Carmela.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vulcano—Ascent to the crater—Sulphur manufacture —Eruptions of various times—Departure for Milazzo—Storm—Landing—Madre Brigitta.

IT was a fine autumnal morning, and Lipari looked its best. The outlines of its mountains showed sharply against the clear and cloudless sky; the shadows were so marked, the sea glanced so brightly, and the atmosphere, cleared by the last night's rain, was so pure, that I felt quite inspirited by that feeling of hope and expectation, on commencing a day of such promise, which only those who seek to explore little-known lands

lands, and purchase their pleasure by toil and danger, can understand.

The powerful arms of our boatmen urged our boat rapidly along the eastern shore of Lipari. The Monte della Guardia, the highest point of this side of the island, and deriving its name from a station on its summit, whence a watch was formerly kept over the motions of the Barbary pirates, had not long occupied our attention, ere we reached Cape Capistello. A favourable breeze now allowed us to use a sail; and almost before we thought it possible, we came to Cape Capparo, where the channel between the two islands is but a mile in breadth.

In crossing this channel we lost the protection of the coast, and soon began to feel the everlasting wind of these seas, but we gained a picture which will never fade from my memory.

The sails of a distant ship or a nearer fishing-boat

fishing-boat were all that met the eye in a westerly direction, and the sea, unobstructed by land of any kind, stretches into an invisible distance from this point to the straits of Gibraltar. Towards the north appeared the majestic forms of Felicudi and Alicudi, and the south-west coast of Lipari, and the north-eastern shore of Vulcano were on each side of us. On both shores the deep blue sea was breaking into snow-white foam. Harmless broke the waves upon the rock-bound shore of Vulcano; harmless they dashed over the fantastic reefs that rose out of the sea, making them look like sheeted ghosts set to protect the coast, where they stand in unruffled security, mute but eloquent witnesses of the convulsions which have disturbed this small portion of the earth's surface.

It took us little time to cross this narrow sea; we neared Vulcano, and the scene I have attempted to describe vanished.

The

The north-eastern part of the island, along which we were now passing, was formerly a small separate islet, and was called Vulcanello. Pliny, Isadorus, and Eusebius relate that in the year 550 from the foundation of Rome, a tremendous earthquake, felt in Sicily and parts of Italy, suddenly raised the island of Vulcano from the sea, and more modern writers tell us that a great eruption which occurred in 1550 stopped up the channel between it and Vulcanello, making them one.

Seen from Lipari, Vulcano has the appearance of a huge, headless skittle, but in reality it stretches out from north-west to south-east to a considerable length, and the nearer you approach to it the more visible become the deep refts and irregularities of of its lava-formed mountain sides. In an extent of twelve miles there are few places where it can be approached, and on this side only at Porto di Ponenti, and Porto di Levante,

Levante, two little natural harbours, to the latter of which we steered our course, and there we landed.

On our left we saw the highest mountain on the island, on which is the crater, and from this point it is most easily approachable. To our left lay Vulcanello, and before us a valley into which the outpourings of the volcano had rolled and expelled the sea, which once divided the two isles. This valley is covered with white ashes, different kinds of slate and stones, the produce of the crater. The floods of rain-water have worn on its surface large furrows, in which appear fragments of pumice stone and lava.

Under the guidance of one of the marinari we now began the ascent. At first our path was up a gentle incline, and I could enjoy the view which every step made more perfect, over the whole Liparian Archipelago; but I was soon obliged to confine

confine all my attention to the difficulties of our road. In many places the rain of the preceding night had made the ground so slippery that our progress was often not only toilsome but even dangerous, and as Vulcano is as bare of bushes as of inhabitants, we found no friendly boughs to assist us. Richly, however, were we at last rewarded for all our fatigues.

Although I was prevented from seeing all that I might have seen of the natural beauties of Lipari, I believe I may say that Vulcano offers a higher degree of interest, inasmuch as not only the remains of old fires are everywhere to be met with, but it has the superiority over Lipari in its still existing activity. I would call Stromboli and Vulcano the "Æolic Jewels," two complete gems which are in themselves worth a journey to these islands. The magic charm of novelty and strangeness is thrown over them both.

Neither

Neither trees nor bushes clothe the bare lava surface of Vulcano. No creeping plant adorns its deep recesses; no mountain stream bounds over its precipitous rocks, or winds through a stony bed to the ocean. Here finds the north wind no faded leaves to scatter, and the softer sirocco no flowering grass to wave. On these distant shores the ear listens in vain for the melody of the nightingale or the trill of the lark. The cheerful chirping of the cricket; the twitter of a flock of migrating birds; the croak of the raven, and the hum of the insect world are unknown sounds; and even the solitary eagle disdains to wing its flight over this forlorn spot, or take his perch, in contemplative stillness, on one of the mountain crags. Here the wondering traveller walks not upon scented flowers which, when his foot presses them, fill the air with perfume, but every step makes a dull, hollow sound, breaking the deathlike stillness around him.

him. All vegetable life has fled before the eternally glowing fires below, for even at a moderate height one feels the earth tremble beneath our tread, while steam and smoke issue from every hole or crevice of the quaking lava.

Involuntarily the idea lays hold of the traveller that Vulcano must be on the eve of some grand catastrophe; some new island must be on the point of issuing from the sea—some fresh crater be about to supersede the existing one—some universal overthrow be imminent.

But days, weeks, and months have passed away since such an idea took possession of my fancy, and yet no such phenomena have occurred, and should any of my readers chance to visit this wonderful crater, they will doubtless find it exactly as I left it, roaring, boiling, seething, and threatening.

It may have been about an hour and a half before

before we reached a small plateau about 100 feet broad, upon whose surface several tunnel-formed holes and smaller or larger grooves appeared. These openings were all covered with brimstone, and a white, sulphuric smoke arose from each. Here we availed ourselves of a few minutes' rest to eat the luncheon which our guide had brought with him, and whether it was the sea voyage, or the mountain ascent, the volcanic atmosphere, or all these causes combined, the meal, composed only of a few hard-boiled eggs and a piece of stale brown bread, was most appetising and refreshing.

After a short rest we proceeded, and at the end of an hour we reached the brim of the crater. It had a circumference of two miles, and a depth of about 300 feet, and I believe that nature cannot offer any more grand or imposing sight. The inner sides of the walls descend steeply, and to pass down

down them would be attended with other dangers besides fire. We amused ourselves with pushing over large stones and watching them roll down, carrying with them masses of brimstone, and at last falling, thundering, into the depths below. The light of day and the broad and regular opening allowed us to see all the details of the fiery abyss.

I should like to have seen the same sight in the darkness of night, when the clouds of smoke which issued from the crater and all the other openings, are changed to bright flames.

We had not time to go entirely round, and therefore, having collected some interesting mineral specimens, we began to think of our return, which of course was much shorter and more easy than the ascent, and in twenty minutes we had passed over the ground which had cost us two hours to toil up.

Fearful

Fearful of being too late for the Milazzo packet, we allowed ourselves hardly sufficient time to see the alum and sulphur manufactory. This is the only building on the island, and is placed at the northern extremity of the small bay of Porto di Levante, on the bank of a pond of brimstone-water, which is extremely productive of both these substances.

The superintendent of this factory attended us over the works, and initiated us, as far as the time would allow, into the mysteries of his craft. I could not but be surprised at the immense quantity of alum and brimstone produced in proportion to the labour required, and exported in a tolerably pure state. The poor people, however, who work in the heart of the crater, and in the holes and grots whence they dig the raw material, have a hard and dangerous fate. We met several of them, men, women, and children, who follow this

this employment, none of them having any clothes but a pair of drawers and a sleeveless shirt, and their appearance was hardly human. Their hair, uncut probably from their birth, fluttered round their sunburnt faces, and their flesh was coloured with the dust of the fresh brimstone which they carried on their heads.

If, however, these poor mountain labourers excited my compassion, the director of the works and his sons created quite a different feeling. Far from finding their isolated position irksome, they assured me their life was a pleasant and happy one, and that they had the enjoyment of fishing and hunting on the other islands dur- the best season of the year, and that reading and household employments fill up the time of bad weather.

We were sorry we could not accept their invitation to see their dwelling and to take some refreshment, for the sun was now at its

its highest point, and we were obliged to return to Lipari.

During our row back, the marinari amused themselves with fishing for our benefit, and I had a good opportunity of examining the "insula sacra," of which I will now proceed to give a few particulars.

The origin and earliest history of Vulcano could only be known through the means of the inhabitants of the other islands, and no records of any kind exist, so that when the eruptions have not been of sufficient magnitude for their effects to have reached Sicily and Italy, they must ever remain unknown.

Many of the ancient poets and historians speak of the fires of this island, which they supposed to be the veritable forge of Vulcan. The first eruption of which there is any record, is one which is mentioned by Aristotle. In Agathocles we read of the second, which continued several

several days, and red-hot stones were thrown to the distance of a mile. The sea round the island is said to have been as hot as boiling water. The third on record, is dated in 144. It was so violent, that the whole of Sicily and Calabria trembled. On the 4th of January, 1444, took place the fourth great eruption of Vulcano. All the other islands as well as Sicily experienced severe shocks of earthquake. With a tremendous explosion, an immense sheaf of fire issued from the crater, discharging stones of a colossal size as far as six miles! In the years 1550, 1739, and 1775, and 1780, considerable eruptions occurred, and all writers agree that this volcano is never inactive.*

* "Insula Sicanium juxta latus Æoliamque
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis."—VIRGIL.
"In sacra Vulcanea, hujusque ex terra hiatu ventus erumpit et fœtor ingens; eructat quoque arenam, lapidesque igneos, quemadmodum et Ætnæ accidit."—*Diodorus Siculus*, lib. v., cap. vii.
"Altera insula, Hiera vocarunt, ex principio Vulcano

The spreading of our sail put an end to the fishing, but not till four large fish had been secured. They looked so unhappy in their tub of sea water, that I longed to throw them back into the sea. I was indeed on the point of proposing this to the Captain, when he suddenly exclaimed to the man who was steering, "What vessel is that sailing away from Lipari?"

"That's the 'Scorridoza,'" replied the man, after attentively examining her.

"What!" said the Captain, "the Milazzo mail boat—the rascal Peppo promised to wait for us!"

"You must blame the weather, signor, and not Peppo, for no doubt he thought

sacrata est, et plurima colle eminentissimo nocte ardet." —SOLINUS *Polyhist*, cap. xii.

"Inter hanc (Liparam) et Siciliam altera, ante a Therasia appellata, nunc Hiera, quia sacra Vulcano est, colle in ea nocturnas evomente flammas."—PLINIUS, lib. iii., cap. ix.

Daniel, Bartholi, and Leandro Alberti, say that the crater of Vulcano in their time was more considerable than Ætna.

he

he could not safely delay his departure so long. This wind will not last, and those clouds coming up from the south betoken an approaching sirocco, and when that comes on, it may be many days before a vessel can go from Lipari to Milazzo."

"And you tell us this as coolly as if it were of no importance."

"Yes, signor, because I know that I could take you there as well as the Scorridoza. Our boat is as light as a feather, and very strong, and if the wind were to fail, we could row such a distance easily."

As he said this, the boat's keel grated on the sand.

Giuseppe Costa welcomed our arrival, and gave us the "saluti" of the Padrone of the mail packet.

Captain D— remained on the shore to talk with the people about our further voyage, while I walked to our lodging to finish our packing. The four fish were

cooked and formed the chief part of our dinner, and, with a supply of bread, the whole stock of our provisions for the boat voyage.

The departure of the Scorridoza was a sad disappointment to me, and the prospects of the weather filled me with gloomy apprehensions. My friend, however, was in one of his venturesome fits, and shortly came in to tell me that the boat which took us to Vulcano would be ready at five o'clock to take us to Milazzo.

"But why go just as evening comes on? Why not wait till morning?" said I, not much inclined for an adventurous night voyage. "There is no moon, and the weather is so dubious, that it will certainly be better to have daylight before us."

"The weather is never anything but dubious here," replied the Captain. "How beautiful was our night voyage to Stromboli,

boli, and if we have no moon now we shall have the more starlight!"

I could not join in his pleasureable anticipations, and would much rather have submitted to an evening with the tedious Costa, than undertake this voyage. However, trusting to the better judgment of Captain D—, I deferred to his decision.

The shadows of approaching night soon began to cover us. Monte della Guardia, Capes Capistello and Capparo all melted into one mass, and Vulcano was clothed in clouds of such density, that we could not see her fires. There was no moon. No polar star was visible, and clouds were over all the heavens. My friend was silent, and I sat anxiously waiting to see what course he would take, for the darkness of the night and the noise of the wind both increased, and at last I asked him if he thought we might venture to proceed.

"Wait

"Wait till we reach the south point of Vulcano," said he, urging the men to ply their oars with more vigour.

We had combatted with the elements for nearly two hours, when suddenly a squall of wind that nearly blew our little boat out of the water came upon us at the moment we reached the point where our fate was to be determined. Any one who will look at the map and see the stretch of ocean which lies before this point, both east and west, and bear in mind that on a dark October night, in a mere nutshell, we were exposed to all that might happen under such circumstances, may form some little notion of our situation at this moment. Nothing remained for us but to put in to the nearest bay of Vulcano as quickly as possible, for every wave threatened to sink our bark, and every windstroke to annihilate her.

To accomplish our object, the sail was to

to be hoisted, but the men were disputing with one another, and did not obey the Captain's order, and such confusion ensued that I really thought our last hour was come.

There are moments of which one only knows for certain that we lived through them, without recollecting how we did it. Among such mysteries I place our landing on Vulcano's barren shore. It would be impossible for me to describe this stormy episode, for the danger we were in took away all my powers of memory. Nothing is now present to my recollection but the glow of thankfulness which I felt when the boat touched the strand, and I leaped on shore.

Here we had no apprehension of being the prey of a greedy set of robbers, or the jostling of a rude rabble, but on the other hand we had no prospect even of a fishing hut to shelter us. We could not even find

a dry stick to make us a fire, for even bushes or briars grow not here.*

But after the escape we had had, we could complain of nothing, and thought ourselves happy in the discovery of a sort of cave, where, secure from wind and wave, we could pass the night. Although couched on the hard volcanic floor of the cave, the sailors and my silenced friend soon fell fast asleep. My own eyes remained long unclosed, and as wave upon wave thundered against the rocks which protected us, as if to remind me of the dreadful death we had been delivered from, the words of the poet came to my mind,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

* Dolomieu speaks of bushes which grow on this southern part, but I saw nothing of the kind.

Stops

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

No sooner did morning break than we were all on foot again. The sailors had refreshed themselves with a five hours' slumber; the storm was allayed, and the wind had changed in our favour, and with sails spread we recommenced our voyage.

Unfortunately the calm was of no long duration. The wind was constantly changing, and of the thirty miles which divide Vulcano from Milazzo, we had with trouble and tedious tacking only accomplished twenty-four in nine long hours, when a sudden squall came from the west, and

and we were in quite as difficult a position, except that it was daylight, as that of Capo Guardia, and here there was no friendly bay to run into. In fact nothing remained but for our poor marinari to put forth all their strength to fight against the elements which looked as if they would momentarily overwhelm us.

I can never forget the sight of those black hills of water, with their crests of foam, which were rolling around us, and rushing in and out of our frail bark in such a manner, that the wonder was how she stood before their power. My friend answered none of my anxious inquiries, but his countenance was a sufficient reply. The marinari cried to the Virgin, and the Padrone shouted to them to attend to their oars, but the whistling of the wind and the roaring of the waves absorbed all other sounds.

My eyes were immoveably fixed upon the

the far distant point of the Cape of Milazzo, and I reckoned every stroke of the oars, and every mile that still divided us from the shore. O how slow the minutes seemed to pass! How often had we to thank God for some narrow escape, before the joyful moment when we could exclaim "We are saved!"

Nobody who has not passed such hours as we were passing, can fully understand what was the feeling of security which we experienced as we looked upon the shady groves of olive trees which clothed the long shore we were now coasting, over comparatively smooth water.

Since those memorable July days of 1860, the name of Milazzo has been a prominent one in the annals of the Sicilian war of freedom. It was there that 7000 Bourbonists succumbed to 2,500 Italians. Never was there a fairer field for the display

play of his skill and heroism offered to the dauntless leader of those volunteers, but never was it more evident that he was protected and favoured by Providence. Medici, at the head of his soldiers, lost his horse; Cosentz, struck by a spent ball, staggered and fell, and was supposed to be dead, but he rose up again, crying, "Evviva l' Italia!" Missero, Breda, and a number of distinguished officers were severely wounded. On the part of General Bosco, neither men's lives nor ammunition were spared, he succeeded in surrounding Garibaldi with a perfect storm of bullets: but as if invulnerable as Ajax, the hero of Italy came out with only the loss of a boot-sole and a stirrup. The contest which had begun on the east side of the point of Milazzo had passed onwards to the west side of the Gulf, where lay the frigate "Tukeri," and here Garibaldi, remembering how long he had been a sailor, sprang on the ship's deck,

deck, and up to one of the yards, on which he stood directing the conduct of the battle. Finding that he had thus drawn on himself the fire of the forts, he and twenty of his brave followers jumped into a boat, landed, and at once placed himself in the midst of the fray, which lasted another hour, until the Neapolitans, driven from house to house, were obliged to seek safety in the fortress. Sicily's fate was now determined.

* * * *

Whilst this beautiful and now peaceful spot was awaking such recollections as these in my mind, our boat reached the landing-place. I was sorry that we could not remain at Milazzo. Fearful of not being at Messina in time for the French government packet to Naples, we were obliged to proceed at once, but as we walked round the harbour, I could not help

help stopping a few minutes at the church in which, on the evening of that eventful day, Garibaldi, surrounded by his staff, had slept the sleep of the weary. There on the marble pavement, with his saddle for a pillow, and a piece of bread and a jug of water at his side, he stretched his tired limbs and slept.

Never, Sicilians, let that picture fade from your memories! Tell to your children and to your children's children, what the magic name and the ready hand of that man did for you, for them, and his country. Let his heroic deeds be the subject of your songs; let them celebrate the modern Argonauts, and the re-appearance of a "Fata morgana" of ancient times.

* * * *

What we had first to do was to seek the best means we could find of getting over the seven miles which divided us from Barcellona,

Barcellona, whence there is a diligence to Messina.

Although three months had passed since the battle, Milazzo still bore many evidences of it. There was so large a number of sick and wounded soldiers in the town that the hospitals and houses, inns and streets, were full of them. By the promise of an exhorbitant payment, we at last found a man who would lend us a two-wheeled car and a lame and blind horse to convey us to Barcellona. It was without seats, but its sides were painted in a horrible manner with a representation of the fires of purgatory.

The interest we took in Milazzo and our hurry to get onwards, combined to make us indifferent to the calls of hunger, and to the state of our toilette. Since leaving Vulcano for Lipari, we had had nothing to eat but the four fishes we had caught, and some bread; and having on our voyage hither

hither been many times drenched by the waves which swept over our boat, and been deprived, by the same means, of hat, mantle, and shawls, I leave the reader to guess our situation in both respects.

However it was not cold, although night was approaching; and I hoped to be able to sleep in our car, and thus cheat my hunger, waiting as patiently as I could till we should arrive at Madame Moller's comfortable hotel, there to supply our internal and external wants.

We must, however, have presented a sufficiently wretched appearance, for as I was watching our driver bringing out his lean Rosinante, there came up to me a poor old woman to offer me her compassion, and beg me to come into her dwelling. It consisted but of one room, with a little garden behind, where some fine fig trees formed a pleasant shade. Here she made me sit down, while she fetched me some

some white bread (probably *all* she had) and a jug of water. I looked at her in silent astonishment, surprised also at the cleanliness and order of the house and her person.

"You have certainly reached a fine old age, good mother," said I.

"Ninety-eight years can Madre Brigitta number," she replied, "but not so much for that do I thank God, as I do for having enabled me to live to see the deliverance of my country, and set eyes on the 'divino Eroe' to whom we owe that deliverance. Four of my grandsons and six of my great grandsons serve under his banner. In spite of my age, I managed to creep down to the harbour to see him land. I wanted to kiss his hand, but that he would not permit. He bent from his horse and said, 'Your blessings rest on your grandchildren, Madre Brigitta; they are among my best men.'"

Hot tears rolled down the old woman's cheeks as she related this to me. I thanked her for her kind hospitality, and offered her a reward for it, but she held back and would not receive it.

On this, I took from my head a silk scarf, with which I had supplied the want of a hat, and throwing it over her neck, I bid her wear it for my sake.

Disinterested hospitality is something so rare among the Italian common people, that it is a pleasure to record such an instance as this. Indeed, the whole conduct and appearance of Madre Brigitta made so deep an impression on me that I resolved to adorn my little book with the incident, though perhaps her earthly career may be over before it is read.

CONCLUSION.

GARIBALDI IN CASERTA.

THE first thing we saw as we approached Messina, was the smoke rising from the funnel of the "Vatican" steamer which was already getting ready for her departure. We had therefore but just time to obtain the necessary visas to our passports and hurry on board.

I had been thinking of the solitude of Vulcano, and fancied that I was listening to the internal rumblings of the mountain,

and to the incessant beating of the waves against the shore; but it was the distant thunders of war that now floated on the air. Capua had not yet surrendered. The anxious breathing and the feverish restlessness of a people, the last link of whose chain was about to be broken, were everywhere perceptible, and having received no accounts from Naples for some days, we left them in doubt, but we left them also in hope, as we steamed our way towards the beautiful Parthenope.

After all the dangers and all the sufferings of the past week, the elegant arrangements of the French packet appeared to us a floating paradise of refinement and luxury.

In our uncertainty as to whether we should go further, we had secured berths only to Naples, and, arrived there, we hastened on shore that we might form our decision from what we might hear there.

We heard that Garibaldi had established his

his head quarters at Caserta, but that he was mostly at Capua, where something decisive was hourly expected to happen. There seemed therefore so little chance of our obtaining an interview with him while his time must necessarily be so entirely occupied, that I determined to go on with the "Vatican," and I was just on the point of seeking the "Bureau des Messageries," when I heard my name pronounced by a familiar voice, and looking round me, I saw two Garibaldians approaching me, each with an arm in sling.

"Evviva Frusciante," I cried, as I recognized in the elder of them, Garibaldi's trusty and inseparable friend. "How comes it that you are not with the General?"

"I have had fever, and am, as you see, wounded also; and it is the General's wish that I should repose here for awhile—but how came you here, signora?"

"I have this moment arrived from Messina,

sina, and in an hour or two I am going on by the same steamer," said I.

"And without seeing Garibaldi?" asked the true-hearted Romagnole.

"I hear that he sees no one who has not important business with him, and as I cannot make use of this plea, how can I expect him to see me? still I should be very sorry to displease him."

"That is as impossible," said Frusciante, "as that you should go away without visiting him. My companion is Captain Calcinadi, who will see that you are allowed to travel on the railroad. By six o'clock, you will be in Caserta, and there you must look out for our old friend, Carpeneto, and he will find means of conducting you to the General."

Such a prospect I could not withstand, and, therefore, we found ourselves in a very short time seated in a railway car with

twenty-four

twenty-four Garibaldians, of almost as many different nations.

It was dark before the train stopped. The square below the palace was filled with soldiers. Bivouac fires, pyramids of cannon balls, carts and waggons, men running to and fro, and horses frightened and uneasy, made up such a crowd, that it was no trifle to steer our way through it.

The fortress of Caserta, one of the largest and finest in Europe, formerly the scene of the aristocratic revels of the Bourbon despots, was now the central point of the business of the war of freedom. Its lordly porch and entrance court, and its spacious staircase, all were now abandoned to the use of the volunteers; some sleeping in one corner, some eating in another, some repairing their clothes by the faint light of a lamp—everywhere picturesque groups of them were to be seen. Red-coated cavalry and infantry, deputies from the

the provinces, important-looking civilians and national guardsmen jostled one another, each too much occupied with his own affairs or duties to heed those of others.

Agreeably with Frusciante's assurances, I reckoned upon Carpeneto's aid to reach the General through this mass of his besiegers, but I was much annoyed to find that he had unexpectedly been sent to Naples. All the efforts which Captain D— could make to get my card conveyed to Garibaldi were entirely fruitless, for in the hall which led to his apartment there were hundreds assembled. It contained no seats, and not a single female form was visible, to which circumstance I believe I owe it that some one brought me a stool.

"The signora is apparently an Englishwoman, and probably a friend of the Dictator," was said several times to me, but although I assented, it did not seem to do me any good.

Three

Three long hours had been thus wasted, when the entrance of Count Persano set the whole company in commotion. Captain D— fortunately knew him, and by this means at last I got my card sent in, and presently the friendly admiral came out to tell me that as soon as he had finished his business with the Dictator, I should be admitted; and in about half an hour I was accordingly introduced.

Wrapped in his ample poncho, secured at the throat, after the South American fashion, Garibaldi was seated at a small table covered with papers. Some might have expected that he would appear radiant with the glory of conquest, and entirely preoccupied with reflections on all that he had done, and had yet to do. No such thing. Calm and serene as a child—just as when last I had seen him at Turin, the evening before his departure against the Austrians, in May, 1859—he rose at once to

to welcome me, and begged my excuse for having detained me, as Admiral Persano had "something to say to him."

"Your visit affords me great delight," said he, kissing both my hands; "it is pleasant to think that you have not a second time run through Naples without calling on your old friend. I heard of your being at Maddaleni, but not till you had left. May I order an apartment to be prepared for you?"

I thanked him heartily, but declined his kind hospitality, as I must go forward that evening. I told him shortly the chief of what I had to communicate, and could not say half of what I wished to say, on account of the number of people who now pressed upon his attention; but it is a peculiarity of Garibaldi's, that in the midst of the most important affairs, he retains a child-like interest for more trivial things, and thus he took advantage of every pause

to

to turn to me with some inquiry to make, or some anecdote to relate. The enchantment of his manner is incontestible, and it is not women alone who feel it.

At another small table sat his secretary, Bassi, and his friend, Carpeneto, who had that moment returned from Naples—both intensely occupied before a mountain of letters and documents, which were not important enough to trouble the General with.

"See," said Garibaldi to me in a lower tone, and holding out his watch and chain, "your present has never left me, through all my troubles and dangers." He then drew forth a small dagger from its sheath, and said, "This also was a lady's gift, twenty-five years ago, in South America, and she was a dear friend likewise; and although it has ever since been worn at my belt, I am happy to say I have never used it to any one's injury."

He

He afterwards spoke of his children, and particularly his daughter Teresa, asking if I did not think it time she was married.* The "vexato questio" also, of the annexation of Savoy and Nizza to France, came upon the *tapis*, and he spoke with the same bitter feeling of Cavour's conduct in this affair, which I have before noticed. He inquired with deep interest after the opinion and condition of his native town, which I had left so lately, and glanced quickly over the letters I had brought him from his friends there, and over the poem I have already spoken of.

A greeting which I brought him from

* My conversations at this and other times with Garibaldi were always interesting. From one of them I drew up an account of his wanderings after his wife's death till the time of his settlement at Caprera, which I insert as an Appendix, in the hope that it will prove as full of interest to others as it did to me; and having thus added *one* Appendix, I will venture on a second, in order to give greater permanence to an account of a little tour I made with him and his family, and which I published in the "Times" newspaper of the 20th of October, 1859.

some

some fanatic friends of freedom in Hungary, who said they hoped to see him among them, seemed to flatter him. He asked their names, and said:

"The Hungarians in my ranks are among my best soldiers. They are numerous and energetic, and whenever my own country is freed entirely from foreign rule, I should not refuse them my aid."

The entrance of Medici with important despatches now claimed the General's undivided attention. It was moreover getting very late, and Carpeneto had more than once reminded me that the train ordered for me was awaiting my pleasure.

Here, therefore, let me take leave, not only of the hero of the day, but also of the reader.

"My task is done—
———My theme has died into an echo."

The kaleidoscope of the beautiful Æolian

lian Archipelago is closed to me for ever; it exists only in remembrance, and that, says Jean Paul, is "das einzige Paradies aus welchem wir nicht vertrieben werden können."

Appendix No. I.

THE thirty-five days of wandering which followed the death of Anita, and of which, I believe, no record exists, must, no doubt, have formed one of the most remarkable episodes of his eventful life. Imagine the noble fugitive, at one time disguised as a Romagnuolo, threading his cautious way through a band of his Austrian pursuers; at another, sharing bed and board with the rough-mannered Croats; and at another, appeasing his hunger and thirst with the berries of the hedge bushes; till at last he reached that native boundary where his life was safe, though scarcely his liberty.

But whenever, during this perilous flight, he could venture to make himself known, he always met with sympathizing hearts, good wishes, and hospitality.

From St. Alberto, Garibaldi went to Ravenna, where concealment was offered to him, but he was fearful of compromising

mising his friend, a high price having been set on his head, and the enraged Austrians being in hot pursuit. He therefore contiuued his journey, under the protection of some friendly Romagnuoli, to Forli, and thence to Modigliana.

When he related to me these scanty particulars, he dwelt with evident pleasure on the skilful contrivances by which his protectors forwarded him on his way. This was only accomplishable during the hours of darkness, and by means of a "Biroccino." The moment the shades of night had deepened sufficiently, Garibaldi, Reggiero, and a faithful Romagnuolo placed themselves in such a carriage, and started at a quick pace. Arrived at a predetermined point, the carriage stopped, and a light was struck. A similar light immediately appeared from the depths of some neigbouring thicket, and the carriage was again put in motion; but when no answering light appeared, it was to be assumed that danger was near. In this case the travellers alighted, and committed themselves to the care of another Romagnuolo, who silently led them by a different path till they reached a spot where another carriage was awaiting them. At Modigliana, it was a young ecclesiastic who conducted them as far as Tigliari, on the Tuscan borders. His name was Giovanni Verità, and I have never heard Garibaldi speak with more admiration of any man than of this young priest. He described him as a type of strength and manly beauty, praised his tact in threading the dark paths, and spoke with animation of his noble sentiments, and of his filial reverence for an aged mother.

At

At Fiorenzula, Garibaldi and his companion crossed the Apennines, and in a public house on the road, between La Fluta and Prato, where they were obliged to rest awhile, they came in such close contact with an Austrian detachment, that their escape was almost incredible.

Sunk in thought, Garibaldi was sitting with his elbows on a table, and his face buried in his hands, when a band of Austrian soldiers suddenly entered the house, crowded round him, and overwhelmed him with inquiries after the "rothen Teufel," whose track they were following. For full three quarters of an hour did he undergo the importunities of these people without allowing them to get a single glance at his face, which, notwithstanding his present costume, would have cost him his life, for the classic lineaments of that face could not fail to be recognised by any one who had ever seen it.

From Prato he passed over Empoli, Volterra, Panarana, and Massa, to Fullonica, where, after a day or two, he found shipping to Elba. In that island, however, he thought it too dangerous to remain, and after only a twelve hours' sojourn, he steered in an open boat to the continent, in order to coast along the shore till he should reach the Sardinian territories. His frail barque had scarcely come within sight of the heights of Livano, when she was seen by an English ship, the captain of which, a good-natured fellow, took him on board and landed him at Venere.

Thus, after five weeks of perilous wandering over land and water, Garibaldi found himself once more on his native shore,

with the hope of reaching the city of his birth unmolested, but scarcely had he entered Chiavari, when he was arrested, and conveyed as a state prisoner to Genoa. Here General La Marmora ordered him to be taken on board the frigate "Carlo Felice," then lying in the harbour, with instructions that he should select some place of banishment, as he could not be allowed to remain at Chiavari.

To this inevitable necessity of course he submitted, only expressing his wish to have twenty-four hours to visit his children at Nizza.

This was granted, and the "San Georgio" received orders to convey him thither, and bring him back after one day's stay there, when he would be again placed on board the frigate. Garibaldi seemed not to know how sufficiently to extol the sympathizing attentions of the captain, who, I think, was called Zara, and all his officers.

Having selected Tunis as the place of his exile, the steamer "Tripoli," was ordered to convey him thither, but the Bey, under French influence, refused to permit his landing, and the "Tripoli," till further orders could come from home, sailed for the island of La Maddalena, not far distant from the coast of Sardinia.

Here he resided undisturbed for about a month, in the house of one Pietro Susini, when Falchi, the commandant of the island, wrote to his government that he considered it dangerous that Garibaldi should be so near to Sardinia, and accordingly a brig of war, called "Il Colombo," under command of Captain

Captain Demoro, was despatched from Genoa to conduct him to Gibraltar.

The governor of that fortress permitted him to land there, but at the same time gave him to understand that he must not remain longer than six days. There was nothing left for him, therefore, bandied as he had been from one land to another, but to trust himself once more to the more accommodating ocean. Embarking in a small boat, he arrived safely at Tangier, and though entirely unacquainted with him, he sought the residence of the Sardinian consul.

In this gentleman, Signor Carpeneto, he found so warm a friend and so hospitable a host, that he lived with him for nearly six months, that is, till April, 1850, after which he sailed for Liverpool, and there, for the first time, he had an attack of that acute rheumatism, with which he had afterwards so often to battle.

As soon as he felt well enough, he took his passage to the United States, and remained during one entire year at New York, the first half of it in the city itself, and the second in Staten Island, where he obtained employment in the factory of his friend and countryman, Meucci. It was during the evenings of these busy days that he wrote his autobiography. He had, on his arrival at New York, declined the offered honour of a public reception, and he always encouraged his banished countrymen to prefer even the humblest employment to the acceptance of foreign assistance.

The occupation, however, which his friend's factory gave

him, could not satisfy his ardent mind, and the command of a merchant vessel being offered to him, and his friend Carpeneto having joined him from Italy, they undertook together a voyage to Central America.

He first sailed to Nicaragua, and thence to Granada and Panama, where he caught a fever which brought him so near to the grave that he was under the necessity of relinquishing the command of his ship. On his recovery, he went, in an English steamer, to Lima, where he arrived at the end of 1851, and there he and his friend parted company. In January, 1852, he accepted the command of a merchant ship called the "Carmen," which belonged to a Genoese of the name of Negri. In this vessel he made several long voyages, one of which took him, by way of the Sandwich Islands, to Canton, whence he sailed for Australia, and in the beginning of 1853 he came back to Lima. After making voyages to Valparaiso, Boston, and New York, he left the "Carmen," and became captain of the "Commonwealth."

This new undertaking soon brought him to England, and after a short stay at Newcastle, and another in London, he went back to Genoa in May, 1854.

Here Garibaldi closed his wandering life. The Sardinian government, become less suspicious, offered no opposition to his residence in his native land. In perfect retirement he passed a year with his children in Nizza, only undertaking an occasional coasting trip, as captain of the "Salvatore," to Marseilles. Tired of a vagrant life, he now resolved upon establishing

establishing himself at Cape Testa, near Santa Teresa, in the northern part of Sardinia, with which view he embarked in the steamer "St. George," for Porto Torres. A violent storm overtook her in the Straits of Bonifacio, during which one of the labourers whom Garibaldi was taking with him, was washed overboard, and it being found to be impracticable to reach Porto Torres, in great distress the poor "St. George" sought refuge in the calmer waters of La Maddalena.

This occurrence greatly modified Garibaldi's plans. He remained some time in the island, and on his return to the continent he left full powers with a friend to purchase a considerable, but entirely uncultivated, tract of land in the neighbouring island of Caprera. In May, 1855, he took possession of this estate, and his first dwelling on this inhospitable mass of granite, as he himself related to me on a subsequent occasion, was an outstretched sail.

As time passed, and he had erected a handsome house in the South American style, he sent for his son Menotti and his daughter Teresa, to participate in his labours of cultivation and share his retirement from the world. In 1856 he bought, at Liverpool, a cutter called the "Emma," which he intended to employ on freight between Caprera and the main land. In January, 1857, he had loaded this vessel with materials for the new quay at La Maddalena, and brought her safely as far as the Punta della Moneta, when she was discovered to be on fire. Fortunately it was in the day time, and all the crew were saved. The ship and cargo being insured, his loss was

but

but small. Deprived of this occupation, Garlbaldi now devoted himself to the cultivation of his estate, and the company and education of his children, until the end of February, 1859, when the Sardinian government recalled him to Turin, to take command of the volunteers, who were destined so soon to gain their laurels as the corps of "Cacciatori delli Alpi."

And now dawned upon the long inactive warrior, a new, a glorious life. How, in the cause of Italian freedom, he added victory to victory, and one heroic deed to another—how, as if aided by enchantment, he bore victoriously the tricoloured banner from the Alps to Ætna—how he exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine, and threw into shade the most brilliant acts of history—it may perhaps be permitted me to record at some later time.

Appendix No. II.

TEN years had passed away since Garibaldi had wandered about the environs of Ravenna, a hunted fugitive, when I found myself, in company with Menotti and Teresa, and a young couple of the name of D——, on the road from Nizza to Ravenna.

A rumour that the "Famiglia del prode Generale" was shortly to arrive, seemed to have preceded us, for already in the suburbs numbers of people hurried to the windows to catch a glimpse of the fair Teresa and her herculean brother. When, at last, our poor Vetturino horses, plucking up the very best of their sinking strength, made a showy dash into the Piazza del Palazzo, and entered with a loud rattle its lofty archway, a dense crowd surrounded the carriage. The General met us at the foot of the staircase, and, after an affectionate welcome, led us to our rooms. I was rejoiced

to see how well he looked. Every vestige of his last severe illness had disappeared from his lofty brow, and the "aureole" of satisfaction, which his newly-gained successes and the dawning happiness of his beloved country, displayed around his fine features, heightened, if possible, their beauty, and made him look ten years younger than when I saw him at Turin.

Having shaken off the thickest of the dust we had collected in our long journey, we were summoned to dinner.

In passing through the vast suite of costly decorated rooms, the General presented us to several of the first gentlemen of Ravenna, and to His Excellency the Marchese Rosa, from Turin, who had been sent by the Piedmontese Government as "Intendente" and "Delegato Politico" at Ravenna. He received us with so much courteous cordiality and unaffected affability that his acquaintance gave us all the greatest pleasure.

We had scarcely been half-an-hour at table, when the "Evvivas" of the assembled multitude became so clamorous that the Marchese induced Garibaldi to gratify them by appearing at the window. "All the shouts you hear," he said, "gush from warm hearts. They are a brave people, and they cannot dissemble, and whatever they demonstrate they feel;" and this he repeated more than once, before he could overcome the General's modesty.

At the balcony, he pronounced one of those short but pithy speeches of his, which find their way straight to the heart.

heart. Not the slightest noise was heard over the large open space where his sonorous voice resounded, as he thanked the people for all their proofs of sympathy and affection. The wind was lulled, the flags hung downwards, and the audience seemed scarcely to breathe for fear of interrupting the solemn silence.

One must have followed, as I have done, the life of the noble warrior in all its vicissitudes, self-denials, and sacrifices—one must know, as I do, what virtues adorn his private life, and what a generous part the brave Romagnuoli have played in the most stormy period of his adventurous career, to be able to judge of the feelings which overcame me while, at his side, I witnessed the spectacle of that memorable evening!

As soon as Garibaldi had spoken, and permitted the first frantic outbreak of enthusiasm to subside, he retired from the window; but Madame D——, and I and Teresa, to whom such a scene was no everyday occurrence, did not leave the balcony so soon.

It was now night. The whole Piazza was in a blaze of illumination. The ever-changing effect of light, produced by the flaring torches on the tri-coloured banners, as they moved in the different processions through the thronging multitude—the military band of joyous music, which was sometimes actually overpowered by the clamorous shouts, and the newly-invented epithets of endearment for the "amato figlio del popolo"—and, over all, the deep blue sky,

sky, with its countless stars, whose peaceful twinkling seemed to sanctify the ovations devoted to the illustrious Champion of Italy's liberty—was not all this really edifying, and the thought that it was a justly-merited tribute to virtue, personal valour, and magnanimity, was it not enough to move the most indifferent of spectators?

* * * * *

Ravenna, anciently the capital of the Western Empire, the residence of the Gothic and Langobardic kings, the metropolis of the Greek exarchs, is one of those cities whose monuments illustrate its history. It has churches, palaces, museums, and mausoleums, such as no other city but Rome can boast of. Within its walls repose the children of Theodosius, and among tombs of exarchs and patriarchs rests all that was mortal of Dante. But now the city, "of old renown, once in the Adrian sea," would have merely to lament over the decay of former magnificence, had not nature gifted it with a gem whose majestic grandeur will outlive all human monuments.

Who has not heard of Ravenna's famed Pineta? Is it not Italy's most ancient, and, in classical and poetic respects, most renowned Forest? Its praises have been sung by Dante and Boccacio, and echoed by Dryden and Byron. It has supplied Rome with timber for her fleets, and the banners of Venice, in the time of her supremacy, floated on the masts it furnished.

This venerable forest now adds to its classical annals the

the most touching drama of modern times, for it was there that, in 1849, on his retreat from Rome, the magnanimous Garibaldi sought refuge from Austrian pursuit. It was in this labyrinth of underwood that the proscript hero wandered from farm to farm, from hut to hut, from thicket to thicket, sometimes separated only by a providential bush from a detachment of infuriated Croats. It was here that he learned to know of what heroic sacrifices, and what deep devotion the uncorrupted and incorruptible Romagnuoli are capable; but it was here, also, alas! that the saddest event of his eventful life occurred—the loss of his adored wife Anita.

A visit to the Pineta being part of the General's object in his invitation to us, it was on a fine morning, at eight o'clock, that we started on our tour. The General, Madame D——, Teresa and I, were in the first carriage, and the rest of the party followed in other carriages. The weather was beautiful. A mild autumnal breeze tempered the heat of the sun. Our horses set off at a brisk trot, and in a short time we reached the skirts of the Forest. It extends along the shore of the Adriatic for thirty-five miles northwards from Ravenna, covering a flat, sandy tract, which varies in breadth from one to three miles. It forms an endless succession of lovely glades and avenues, intermingled with occasional thickets, over which creeping plants of numerous kinds display their luxuriant flowers and ripe berries. The wild cherry, apple, and pear, laden with fruit;

fruit; festoons of wild vines, bending under the weight of their succulent bunches; shrubs of barberry, blackberry, and dogrose; in short, everything seems to be assembled here to do homage to the forest king, the lofty pine, which rises above all in majestic grandeur, spreading out its graceful branches, offering to the winged inhabitants of this fine solitude the safest of haunts, and furnishing the neighbouring population with a rich store of "Pignoli."

Mute with admiration, we beheld with delight the ever-changing effects of light on the tops of the trees, and the velvety turf over which we were silently gliding. What could be more interesting than, in such a scene, to listen to the fascinating and instructive conversation of the illustrious man we were accompanying? Notwithstanding the lively emotions that scene must have raised, the General was this morning particularly disposed to be communicative, and he began by giving us a few details of his late campaign, describing it as "Una Campagna Magnifica," not only because the dangers to which he and his soldiers were exposed were light when compared with the successes achieved, but because he had not once been obliged to utter a reproach, or inflict a punishment. On the Romagnuoli he bestowed the highest encomiums, and he assured us that among all the towns of the Romagna, Ravenna distinguished herself by the entire absence of all spirit of caste, and by the loyalty and union which prevailed among her inhabitants. He enumerated many persons who had

rendered

rendered him particular services in 1849, and dwelt long on the praises of a certain native of Concacchio, by name Bonnet, who had rescued him from the grasp of the Austrians at the risk of his own life!

But if such grateful feelings lived in the heart of Garibaldi towards the brave Romagnuoli, neither had they forgotten the man for whom they had exposed themselves to danger: and the report of his visit to the Pineta had not failed to animate its solitary paths. The further we advanced, the more frequently were we obliged to stop to receive the demonstrations that were offered. What splendid types of manly beauty are these Romagnuoli! Strength, energy, and loyalty speak out of every feature! Some of them seemed dumb with emotion at the sight of the idol of their long-cherished hopes, as they clasped convulsively the General's hand, and fixed on him their dark deep eyes, more eloquent than words!

After a drive of about thirteen miles, the shades of the forest became more transparent, and our carriage, making a sharp turn, stopped before a farm-house. Here we all alighted, and I soon found that this was the Factor's of the property of the Marchese Guiccioli, and that the modest room in which we were sitting was the identical refuge in which Madame Garibaldi, a true victim of heroism and conjugal love, had breathed her last sigh upon the bosom of her sorrowing husband!

I pass over the joy with which the Farmer received the

the Hero, after his ten years of difficulties and dangers, and will only add, that in that lonely spot, we found a table loaded with delicacies; but that which gave a zest to the banquet was the heartfelt happiness with which it was offered.

Eighteen guests were seated round the table, but every now and then some brave Romagnuolo would come in to salute the General, or to recall to his remembrance some perilous escape in which they had been sharers: and thus, in a short time, the room became crowded, and beyond the door we could also see a mass of heads.

After dinner, an Engineer Officer, in a short address, in which he recounted the Hero's chief exploits, proposed his health, and Garibaldi, after expressing his warmest thanks, continued as follows:—

"You have just recounted my history, and it is my part to tell you how proud and happy I am to find myself again among the brave people, of whose courage and attachment I have witnessed so many instances. I repeat to you that, to the last moment of my existence, I shall be devoted, body and soul, to my country. For fourteen years, without pay or reward, I have served the cause of liberty in other lands. What, then, will I not do for the land of my birth? Events are progressing favourably; but there is still much to be done. The day is not far off when Italy will regain her complete independence. *This* time it *must* be accomplished! and from the Alps to Sicily she *must* be free!

free! Fifteen days are enough to make a brave Italian a brave soldier! It is not an embroidered uniform that his merit will consist in. Look at the Zouaves! In their simple dress they are the first soldiers in the world! I remember once finding myself, during my American campaign, in the midst of a vast plain, where neither from the interior nor from the seaports (which the enemy had blockaded) any of our necessities could be supplied. The herds of the plain were our only resource. Their flesh was our sole nourishment, their skins were our protection from the heat of the midday sun, and our covering at night; and yet, I assure you, our soldiers, armed with the simple musket, performed prodigies of valour! We were the terror of the Imperialists, and my few hundreds of ill-clothed but hardy men put to rout the enemy's thousands! But *we*, we, my friends, want arms! And that this want may cease, I have proposed that Italy should form a subscription to purchase a million of muskets! Think only how many wrongs we have to redress—bear in mind what a series of years has witnessed a foreign oppression—remember to what ignominious deaths have been condemned a Cicero Vacchio and his young sons, a Ugo Bassi, an Antonio Elia! You may not, perhaps, recollect this last martyr to the cause of Italian liberty! Let me relate to you one trait of his heroic courage. Antonio Elia, a native of Ancona, was a simple sailor.

He

He had scarcely attained his twentieth year, when the vessel he navigated was captured by one of those Turkish galliots which then infested the coast of the Adriatic. The Turks manned their prize with ten of their own seamen and an officer, confining all the original crew below, except the young Antonio, whom they retained for their own service. A violent sirocco came on, and the extreme obscurity which accompanied it awoke in Antonio's brain the idea of delivering himself and his comrades from their captivity. He walked silently to the prow, where he got possession of a hatchet; armed with this formidable weapon, he returned to the spot where he had left the Commander, and struck out with his hatchet; but the blow fell on the deck! For a moment he hesitated to draw it out, but the officer, surprized at the noise, and suspecting something wrong, drew his yatagan, and wounded Antonio severely on the left shoulder. The latter, seeing his blood flowing, launched his axe again at the pirate, and laid him dead at his feet! Encouraged by this success, he now turned to the crew, and, as if endowed with supernatural force, he slew them all but two or three, who, with cries of horror, leaped overboard into the sea! This Antonio Elia, a very lion of courage, fell before the Austrians in 1849, because he would not clandestinely abandon his wife and children."

Thus interestingly the General spoke, and much more than

than this. It was not an orator, seeking to astonish an audience by eloquent periods: but a chief, an adored friend, in open-hearted converse with his faithful adherents, awakening in them sentiments of patriotism by the recital of acts of heroism!

But the hour of our departure had come, and we were obliged to take leave of our kind entertainer, and regain our carriages.

We had not driven above a mile, when we stopped before a small country church, at the door of which stood a priest, who, with a low voice and humble gestures, invited us to enter his modest chapel. Neither my companions nor I could doubt the purpose of his invitation, when he distributed amongst us little coronals of fresh flowers, and conducted us to a recess near the altar, where, we felt certain, reposed the ashes of Anita Garibaldi! We dropped our garlands and our tears upon the grave, and after a few moments of silent but intense emotion, we remounted our carriages, and pursued our route to Sant' Alberto, where we were again received with acclamations of joy. We were soon afterwards met by the Marchese Rosa with despatches from Bologna, and our departure for that city was fixed for the morrow.

Our journey thither was a series of ovations, some of them almost frantic! At Lugo and at Medicina these demonstrations reached their climax. Horses were no longer

needed. I could not relate half the mad pranks that were played around us. Suffice it to say, that at least they evinced the love with which the General was regarded; and thus, amidst the clanging of bells, the report of cannon, and the blaze of the illumination, we at last reached our house at Bologna!

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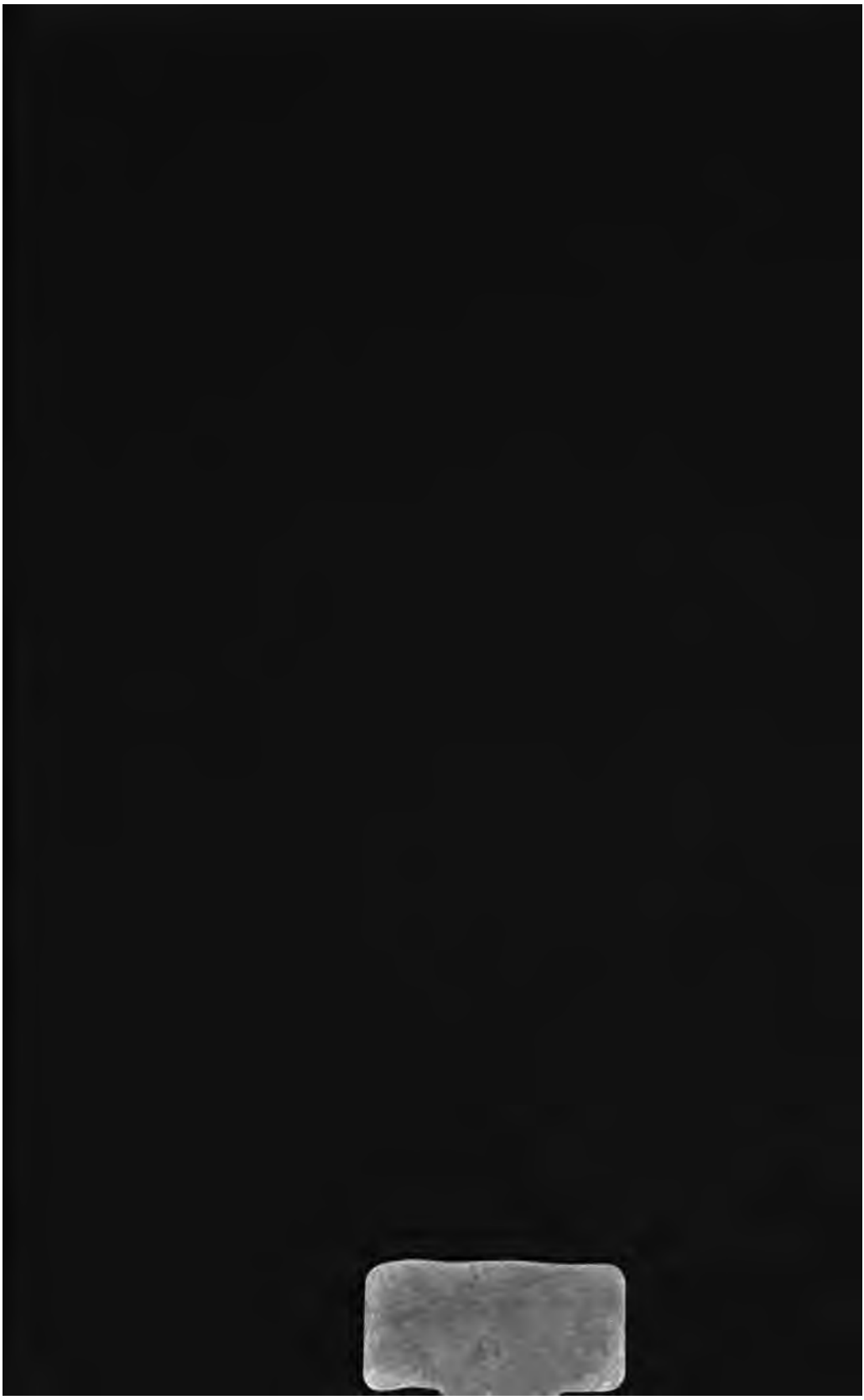
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